THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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OLD IRISH PIPERS.

Their Peculiar Characteristics and the "Hold" They Had on the Affections of the Irish Country Folk.

The Respective Merits of Two Leading Champions of the Favorite Gaelic Musical Instrument.

(BY WILLIAM CARLETON.)

Those who minister to amusement are everywhere popular characters, and fully as much so in Ireland as in other countries. Here among the people at large, no sort of person is more kindly regarded than the wandering fiddler or piper, two classes of artists who may be said to have the whole business of keeping Paddy in good humor upon their shoulders. The piper is especially a favorite in the primitive provinces of Munster and Connaught. In Leinster they are not so common; and in the North may be described as rare, though I am not sure but that, for this very reason, they are as welcome in Ulster as in the other provinces, their notes producing an impression which is agreeable in proportion to its novelty.

Of course it is but natural that there should exist a striking resemblance between the respective habits and modes of life which characterize the fiddler and the piper; and of the latter, as well as the former, it may be observed, that, although most of his associations are drawn from the habits of the people, in contradistinction to those of the higher classes, yet it is unquestionably true that he is strongly imbued with the lingering remains of that old feudal spirit which has now nearly departed from the country. Even although generally neglected by the gentry, and almost utterly overlooked by the nobility, yet it is a melancholy but beautiful trait of "the old feeling," which prompts him always to speak of them with respect and deference. He will admit, indeed, that there is a degeneration; that "the good ould stock is gone;" and that "the big house is not, what it used to be, whin the square's father would bring him into the parlor before all the quality, and make him play his two favorite tunes of the 'Fox-Hunther's Jig' and the 'Hare in the Corn.' Instead o' that the sorra ha'porth now will save them but a kind of musical coffin, that they call a piana thirty, or forty, or something that way, that to hear it 'ud make a dog sthrike his father, if he didn't behave himself."

This is the utmost length to which he carries his censure, and even this is uttered "more in sorrow than in anger." On the contrary, nothing can be more amusing than the simple and complacent pride with which he informs his hearers that, "as he passed the big house, the young square brought him in—an' it's himself that knows what the good ould smack o' the pipes is, an' more betoken, so he ought—an, kind father for him to do so—its the ould square himself that had the true Irish relish for them. I played him all his father's favorites, both in the light way and in the sorrowful. Whin I was done, he slipped five shillings into my hand. 'Take this,' said he, 'for the sake o' thim that's gone, an' of the ould times.' He spoke low, an' in a hurry, as if his heart was in what he said; an' somehow I felt a tear on my cheek at the time; for it is a sorrowful thing to think how the blessed ould airs of our counthry—the only ones that go to the heart—are now so little known an' thought of, that a fashionable lady of the present day would feel ashamed to acknowledge them, or play them in company. Fareer gair!—its a bad sign of the times, anyhow—may God mend them!"

The Irish piper, from the necessary monotony of his life, is generally a man of much simplicity of character—not, however, without a cast of humor, which is at once single-minded and shrewd. His little jealousies and heart-burnings—and he has his share—form the serious evils of his life; but it is remarkable that scarcely in a single instance are these indulged in at the expense of the agreeable fiddler, who is by no means looked upon as a rival. Not so his brother piper; for, in truth, the high and doughty spirit of competition by which they are animated, never passes out of their own class, but burns with heroic rage among themselves. The lengths to which this spirit has been frequently carried, are ludicrous almost beyond belief. The moment a piper's reputation is established on his beat, that moment commences his misery. Those from the neighboring beats assail him by challenges that contain anything but principles of harmony. Sometimes, it is true, they are cunning enough to come disguised to hear him; and if they imagine that a trial of skill is not likely to redound to their credit, they slink off without allowing anyone unless some particular confidant, to become cognizant of their secret.

These comical contests were, about forty or fifty years ago, much more frequent than they have been of late. In the good old times, however, when the farmers of Ireland brewed their own beer and had whisky for a shilling a quart, the challenges, defeats, escapes and pursuits, which took place between persons of this class, were rich in dramatic effect, and afforded great amusement to both the gentry and the people. I remember hearing the history of a chase, in which a piper named Sullivan pursued a rival for eighteen months through the whole province of Munster before he caught him, and all in order to ascertain, by a trial of skill, whether his antagonist was more entitled to have the epithet "great" prefixed to his name than he himself. It appears that the friends and admirers of the former were in the habit of calling him "the Great Piper Reillaghan," a circumstance which so completely roused the aspiring soul of his opponent that he declared he would never rest night or day, until he stripped him of the epithet "great" and transferred it to his own name. He was beaten, however, and that by a manœuvre of an extraordinary kind. Reillaghan offered to play against him while drunk—Sullivan to remain sober.

Sullivan, thrown off his guard, and anxious under any circumstances to be able to boast of a victory over such an antagonist, agreed, and was consequently overcome; the truth being, that his opponent like Carolan, when composing on the harp, was never able properly to distinguish himself as a performer unless when under the inspiration of whiskey.

Sullivan, not at all aware of the trick that the other had played upon him, of course took it for granted that, as he had stood no chance with Reillaghan when drunk, he must have a still less one in his sobriety; and the consequence was, that the next morning it was found he had taken leave in the course of the night.

There was some years ago, playing in the taverns of Dublin, a blind piper named Talbot, whose performance was singularly powerful and beautiful. This man, though blind from his infancy, possessed mechanical genius of a high order, and surprisingly delicate and exact manipulation, not merely as a musician but as a mechanic. He used to perform in Ladly's tavern in Capel street, where he arrived every night about 8 o'clock, and played till 12, or as the case may be, 1 o'clock. He was very social, and, when drawn out, possessed much genuine Irish humor and rich conversational powers. Sometimes, at a late period of the night, he was prevailed upon to attach himself to a particular party of pleasant fellows, who remained after the house was closed, to enjoy themselves at full swing. Then it was that Talbot shone, not merely as a companion but as a performer. The change in his style and manner of playing was extraordinary; the spirit, the power, humor, and pathos which he infused into his execution, were observed by everyone; and when asked to account for so remarkable a change, his reply was, "My Irish heart is warmed; I'm not playing for money, but to please myself."

"But could you not play as well during the evening, Talbot, if you wished, as you do now?"

"No, if you were to hang me. My heart must get warmed, and Irish—I must be as I am this minute."

This, indeed, was very significant, and strongly indicative of the same genius which distinguished Neil Gow, Carolan and other eminent musicians.

Talbot, though blind, used to employ his leisure hours in tuning and stringing organs and pianos, and mending almost every description of musical instrument that could be named. His own pipes, which he called the "grand pipes," were at least eight feet long; and for beauty of appearance, richness and delicacy of workmanship, surpassed anything of the kind that could be witnessed; and when considered as the production of his own hands, were indeed entitled to be ranked as an extraordinary natural curiosity. Talbot played before George IV, and appeared at most of the London theatres, where his performances were received with the most enthusiastic applause. In person Talbot was a large portly-looking man, red faced and good looking, though strongly marked by traces of the small pox. He always wore a blue coat, fully made, with gilt buttons, and had altogether the look of what we call in Ireland a well-dressed "bodagh," or half-sir, which means a kind of gentleman farmer.

His pipes, indeed, were a very wonderful instrument, or rather combination of instruments, being so complicated that no one could play upon them but himself. The tones which he brought out of them might be imagined to proceed from almost every instrument in an orchestra—now resembling the sweetest and most attentuated notes of the finest Cremona violin, and again the deep and solemn diapason of the organ. Like every Irish performer of talent that we have met with, he always preferred the rich old songs and airs of Ireland to every other description of music; and when lit up into the enthusiasm of his profession and love of country, he has often deplored, with tears in his sightless eyes, the inroads which modern fashion had made, and was making, upon the old spirit of the bygone times. Nearly the last words I ever heard from his lips were highly touching, and characteristic of the man as well as the musician: "If we forget our own old music," said he, "what is there to remember in its place?"—words, alas! which are equally fraught with melancholy and truth.

The man, however, who ought to sit as the true type and representative of the Irish piper, is he whose whole life is passed among the peasantry, with the exception of an occasional elevation to the lord's hall or the squire's parlor—who is equally conversant with the English and Irish languages—has neither wife nor child, house nor home, but circulates from one village or farmhouse to another, carrying mirth, amusement and a warm welcome with him wherever he goes, and filling the hearts of the young with happiness and delight. The true Irish piper must wear a frieze coat, corduroy breeches, grey woollen stockings, smoke tobacco, drink whiskey, and take snuff; for it is absolutely necessary, from his peculiar position among the people that he should be a walking encyclopedia of Irish social usages. And so he generally is: for to the practice and cultivation of these the simple tenor of his inoffensive life is devoted.

The most perfect specimen of this class we ever were acquainted with, was a blind man known by the name of "Piper Gaynor." His beat extended through the county of Louth, and occasionally through those of Meath and Monaghan. Gaynor was precisely such a man as I have just described, both as to dress, a knowledge of English and Irish, and a thorough feeling of all those mellow old tints, which an incipient change in the spirit of Irish society threatened even then to obliterate. I have said he was blind, but, unlike Talbot's, his face was smooth; and his pale placid features, while playing on his pipes, were absolutely radiant with enthusiasm and genius. He was a widower, and had won one of the fairest and most modest girls in the rich agricultural county of Louth, in spite of the competition and rivalry of many wealthy and independent suitors. But no wonder; for who could hear his magic performances without at once surrendering the whole heart and feelings to the almost preternatural influence of this miraculous enchanter? Talbot?—no, no! after hearing Gaynor, the very remembrance of the music proceeded from the "grand pipes" was absolutely indifferent. And yet the pipes on which he played were the meanest in appearance you could imagine, and in point of size the smallest I ever saw. It is singular, however, but no less true, that we can scarcely name a celebrated Irish piper whose pipes were not known to be small, old-looking, greasy, and marked by the stains and dinges which indicate an indulgence in the habits of convivial life.

Many a distinguished piper have we heard, but never at all any we could think for a moment of comparing with Gaynor. Unlike Talbot, it mattered not when or where he played; his ravishing notes were still the same, for he possessed the power of utterly abstracting his whole spirit into his music, and anybody who looked upon his pale and intellectual countenance, could perceive the lights and shadows of the Irish heart flit over it, with a change and rapidity which nothing but the soul of genius could command.

Gaynor, though comparatively unknown to any kind of fame but a local one, was yet not unknown to himself. In truth, though modest, humble and unassuming in his manners, he possessed the true pride of genius. For instance, though willing to play in a respectable farmer's house for the amusement of the family, he never could be prevailed on to play at a "common dance," and his reasons, which I have often heard him urge, were such as exhibit the spirit and intellect of the man. "My music," said he, "isn't for the feet or the floor, but for the ear and the heart; you'll get plenty of foot pipers, but I'm none of them."

I will now give a brief sketch of the last evening I ever spent in his society; and as some of his observations bore slightly upon Scotch music, they may probably be perused with the more interest by Caledonian readers.

He was seated, when I entered, at the spacious hearth of a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood, surrounded by large chests, clean settles, and an ample dresser, whose well scoured pewter reflected the dancing blaze of a huge turf fire. The ruddy farmer and his comely wife were placed opposite to him, their family of sons and daughters in a wide circle at a due distance, while behind on the settles, were the servantmen and maids, with several of the neighbors, both old and young, some sitting on chairs, and others leaning against the dresser, the tables and the meal chests. Within the chimney-brace depended large sides and flitches of fat bacon, and dark smoke-dried junks of hung beef; presenting altogether that agreeable manifestation of abundance which gives such a cheerful sense of solid comfort to the inmates of a substantial farmer's house.

When I made my appearance in the kitchen, he was putting a tobacco-pipe into his mouth, but held it back for a moment, and exclaimed, "I ought to know that foot."—after which he extended his hand, and asked me by name how I did. He then sat awhile in silence—for such was his habit—and having "sucked his dooden," as they say, he began to blow his bellows, and played "Scots Wha Hae." When he had finished it, "Well," I observed, "what a fine piece of martial music that is."

"No, no," he replied, shaking his head, "there's more tears than blood in it. Its too sorrowful for war; play it as you will, its not the thing to rise the heart, but to sink it."

"But what do you think, Gaynor, of the Scotch music in general?"

"Would you have me spake ill of my own?" he replied, with a smile; "sure they had it from us."

"Well, even so; they have not made a bad use of it."

"God knows they haven't," he replied; "the Scotch airs—many o' them—is the very breath of the heart itself."

Even then I was much struck with the force of this expression; but I was too young fully to perceive either its truth or beauty. The conversation then became general, and he addressed himself with a great deal of naiveté to the youngsters, who began to banter him on the subject of a second wife.

"How can 'dark' men choose a wife, Mr. Gaynor?"

"God, avourneen, makes up in one sense what they want in another. 'Tis the ear, 'tis the ear!" continued he, with apparent emotion; "that's what will never desave you. It did not desave me, an' it never will desave anybody—no, indeed!"

"Why how do you prove that, Ned?"

"It isn't the song," continued Ned; "no, nor the laugh; for I knew them that could sing like angels, and, to all appearance, were merry enough too, an' God forgive them, there was little but bitterness in them after all; but its the every day voice, aisy and natural; if there's sweetness in that, you may depind there's music in the heart it comes from; so that, as I said, childhre, its the ear that judges."

This, coming from a man who had not his sight, was indeed very characteristic: and we firmly believe that the observation contains a great deal of moral truth—at least Shakspeare was certainly of the same opinion.

"Now, childhre," said he, "hadn't we betther have a dance? and afther that I'll play all your favorites. So now, trim your heels for a dance. What's the world good for if we don't take it aisy?"

After playing the old bard's exquisite air, the youngsters, myself among the rest, joined in the dance. The punch being then introduced, a happy night was spent in chat, music, rich old legends and traditions, principally furnished by Gaynor himself; who, in addition to his many social and amusing qualities, possessed in a high degree the free and fluent powers peculiar to the old Irish senachie.

Such is a very feeble and imperfect sketch of the Irish piper, a character whom his countrymen love and respect, and in every instance treat with the kindliness and cordiality due to a relation. Indeed, the musicians of Ireland are as harmless and inoffensive a class of persons as ever existed, and there can be no greater proof of this than the very striking fact, that, in the criminal statistics of the country, the name of an Irish piper or fiddler, etc., has scarcely, if ever, been known to appear.

LIVING IRELAND.

BY "DESMOND."

We have mourned and sighed for our buried pride,
We have given what natnre gives,
A manly tier on a brother's bier.
But now for the Land that lives!
He who passed too soon, in his glowing noon,
The hope of our youthful band,
From Heaven's blue wall doth seem to call,
"Think, thing of your Living Land!
I dwell serene in a happier scene
Ye dwell in a Living Land!"

Yes! yes! dear shade, thou shalt be obeyed,
We must spend the hour that flies,
In no vain regret for the sun that has set,
But in hope for another to rise;
And though it delay with its guiding ray,
We must each with his little brand,
Like sentinels light through the dark, dark night
The steps of our Living Land:
She needeth our care in the chilling air
Our old, dear Living Land!

Yet our hearts will throb and the tears will throng
To our eyes for many a day,
For an eagle in strength in the fight 'gainst wrong
Was the spirit that passed away.
Though his heart be still as a frozen rill,
And pulseless his glowing hand,
We must struggle the more for that old green shore
He was making a Living Land.
By him we have lost, at whatever cost,
She must be a Living Land!

A Living Land such as nature planned
When she hollowed her harbors deep,
When she bade the grain wave o'er the plain,
And the oak wave over the steep:
When she bade the tide roll deep and wide
From its source to the ocean strand,
Oh! it was not to slaves she gave those waves,
But to sons of a Living Land!
Sons who have eyes and hearts to prize
The worth of a Living Land!

Oh! when shall we lose the hostile hues
That have kept us so long apart?
Or cease from the strife that is crushing the life
From out of our mother's heart?
Could we lay aside our doubts and our pride,
And join in a common band,
One hour would see old Ireland free,
A young and a Living Land!
With a nation's heart and a nation's part,
A free and a Living Land!

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

THE VOICE AND PEN.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

Oh, the orator's voice is a mighty power,
As it echoes from shore to shore,
And the fearless pen has more sway o'er men
Than the murderous cannon's roar!
What burst the chain far over the main
And brighten'd the captive's den?
'Twas the fearless pen and the voice of power,
Hurrah, for the Voice and Pen!
Hurrah!
Hurrah, for the Voice and Pen!

The tyrant knaves who deny man's rights,
And the cowards who blanch with fear,
Exclaim with glee: "No arms have ye,
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear!
Your hills are ours—with our forts and towers
We are masters of mount and glen!"
Tyrants, beware! for the arms we bear
Are the Voice and the fearless Pen!
Hurrah!
Hurrah, for the Voice and Pen!

Though your horsemen stand with their bridles in hand,
And your sentinels walk around,
Though your matches flare in the midnight air,
And your brazen trumpets sound!
Oh, the orator's tongue shall be heard among
These listening warrior men;
And they'll quickly say: Why should we slay
Our friends of the Voice and Pen?"
Hurrah!
Hurrah, for the Voice and Pen!

When the Lord created the earth and sea,
The stars and the glorious sun,
The Godhead spoke, and the universe woke
And the mighty deed was done!
Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue,
Or a drop from the fearless pen,
And the chains accurst asunder burst
That fettered the minds of men!
Hurrah!
Hurrah, for the Voice and Pen!

Oh, these are the swords with which we fight,
The arms in which we trust,
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand
Which time cannot dim or rust!
When these we bore, we triumphed before,
With these we'll triumph again!
And the world will say no power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen!
Hurrah!
Hurrah, for the Voice and Pen!

[The poet lived long enough to indorse the lines of Davis:
The Tribune's tongue and poet's pen
Can sow the seed in slavish men,
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the harvest when 'tis grown].

NORTH SIDE HIBERNIANS.

Saturday evening, Dec. 5th, the annual election of officers for the ensuing year took place in the hall of Div. 8, at 62 N. Clark street. An official appeal previously sent to each member, reminding them of the great importance of the occasion and urging prompt attendance, was warmly responded to. Following is the result of the elections: President, P. J. O'Sullivan, re-elected; Vice-President, Owen Devanly; Corresponding Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, re-elected; Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, re-elected; Treasurer, R. G. McHugh, re-elected; Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas F. Boland; Sentinel, James Cusack; Marshal, Michael Doyle.

No more appreciative acknowledgment of the services rendered by the officers whose terms just expired could be given than the unanimous re-election of the majority of them to the positions formerly held by them, and those not re-elected to their old offices were in most cases re-elected to new ones. It is a tribute to their worth, which, though silent, is powerfully eloquent. It bespeaks honest work, proper ability earnestly and advantageously applied, and is a lasting monument of confidence and respect to the newly-elected, though old-time officers of Div. 8.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Illinois State Central Council, Gaelic Athletic Association, will give its annual ball and military entertainment at Curran's (Union Hall) 352 Blue Island avenue, to-night, Dec. 19th. The committee of arrangements has left nothing undone to make the dance a success. A solid gold medal is to be presented to the person who disposes of the greatest number of tickets, and so keen is the competition that over five hundred tickets are already accounted for. All who attend the ball are sure to be well cared for. Companies B and E, Clan-na-Gael Guards, will give exhibition drills under the command of Capts. Kerr and Casey and Lieuts. Martin and Naughton and O'Connell and Ryan. The proceeds of the dance are to be expended in putting the Gaelic grounds in thorough repair for next season. During the past year the association expended $1,000 in fencing the grounds, and deserves the support of all who wish to keep the old Gaelic sport alive in Chicago.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Feis Tighe Chonain Chinn Shleibhe Sonn

(LEANTA).

"Ciodh trácht, thainig iota ormsa ar an láthair sin, agus níor airigh neach sin ormsa acht Caoilte, agus do bhi d'á eagcaoine go mór. 'Créad an éagcaoine do ghni,' ar fear na leathursan, 'a Chaoilte, acht éirighe amach agus tabhair deoch leat as do rogha tiobruid san bhfaithche chum Fhinn?' Do rinne Caoilte amhlaidh sin, agus thug lán na h-easgraidhe úmha leis agus thug dhamhsa i, agus d'ibhios deoch áiste, agus do bhi blas meala uirri an feadh bhios d'á h-ól; agus blas an domblais an tan do chuireas dom' cheann i, gur éirghidh gaethe cródh agus argheanna an bháis dam, agus do thangadar alcidighe nimhe chugam; agus ní mór gur mionn-aithnigheadh mé, agus ba mó go mór eagcaoine Chaoilte fá mise bheith mar sin ná fám' iota roimhe sin; go n-dubhairt óglaoch na leath-ursan le Caoilte dul amach agus deoch do'n tiobruid eile do thabhairt chugamsa: go n-deárna Caoilte amhlaidh sin, go d-tug lán na h-easgraidhe larnuidhe chugam; agus ré feadh a h-óla dham ní bh-fuaras do theannta eatha no comhlann riamh deagh-fhulang ba mó liom ná sin le n-a seirbhe; agus mar do chuireas dom' cheann i, thainig mo dhath agus mo dhealbh féin orm, agus ba luinneach luath-gháireach lem' mhuintir sin.

"Is ann sin d'fhiafraigh fear an tighe, 'ar bhruite an mhuc do bhi sang-coire?' 'Is bruite,' ar an t-athach, 'agus tabhraidh a roinn damhsa.' 'Créad an roinn tugais uirthe?' ar fear an tighe. 'Tugas ceathramhadh dheire d'Fhionn agus d'á choin,' ar an t-athach, 'agus an cheathramhadh dheire eile do cheathrar óglaoch Fhinn, agus an cheathramhadh chian dam féin; agus a druim agus a tárr do'n sgeólg dá ar an d-taobh thall do'n teg, agus do'n chailligh dá shiar is an g-cil; agus a thur-usgal duitse agus do'n inghion óg dá! d'fhochair.' 'Is briathar dhamsa,' ar fear an tighe, 'gur maith do roinnis i.' 'Is briathar dhamhsa,' ar an reithe, 'gurab olc an roinn dhamhsa í, óir do dhearmadadh mé féin uimpe,' agus agá ráidh sin, thug sidhe ar an g-ceathramhain do bhí ar bhealaibh mo cheathrair óglaoch féin agus rug leis san g-cill í, agus ro ghabh agá h-itheadh. Is ann sin do ghabadar an ceathrar a n-éinfheacht do leith a g-cloidhimhe ag lán-bhualadh an reithe, gidheadh nior chuir sin air, acht amhail do sginnfeadaole do chloch no do charraig; gur bh'éigion dóibh suidhe iona n-ionad féin arís."

(*Translation*)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Conan-Sleibhe.

"After a while I became suddenly thirsty, and no person present perceived it but Caoilte, who began to complain bitterly on that account. 'You have no cause to complain, Caoilte,' said the man of the door-post, 'but only to step outside and fetch a drink for Fionn, from whichever of the fountains you please.' Caoilte did so, and fetched the bronze vessel brimful to me, and gave me to drink; I took a drink from it, and the water tasted like honey while I was drinking, but bitter as gall when I put the vessel from my lips; so that darting pains and symptoms of death seized me, and agonizing pangs from the poisonous draught. I could be but with difficulty recognized; and the lamentation of Caoilte, on account of my being in that condition, was greater than that he had before given vent to on account of my thirst. The man of the door-post desired Caoilte to go out and bring me a drink from the other fountain. Caoilte obeyed, and brought me the iron vessel brimful. I never underwent so much hardship in battle or conflict as I then suffered, while drinking, in consequence of the bitterness of the draught; but as soon as I put the vessel from my lips, I recovered my own color and appearance, apd that gave joy and happiness to my people.

"The man of the house then asked if the hog which was in the boiler was yet cooked. 'It is cooked,' replied the giant, 'and allow me to divide it.' 'How will you divide it?' said the man of the house. 'I will give one hind quarter to Fionn and his hounds; the other hind quarter to Fionn's four men; the fore part to myself; the chine and rump to the old man who sits at the opposite side of the fire, and to the hag in yonder corner; and the giblets to you and the young woman who is opposite to you.' 'I pledge my word,' said the man of the house, 'you have divided it very fairly.' 'I pledge my word,' exclaimed the ram, 'that the division is very unfair, so far as I am concerned, for I have been altogether forgotten.' And so saying, he immediately snatched the quarter that lay before my four men, and carried it away into a corner, where he began to devour it. The four men instantly attacked the ram all at once with their swords, but, though they laid on violently, it did not affect him in the least, and the blows fell away as from a stone or rock, so that they were forced to resume their seats.

(LE SHEITH LEANTA).

"My Wife has been troubled with catarrh and dizziness for years, but these diseases have been relieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla." —Robert Hartenstein, Western Springs, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

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Between Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, Solid Vestibuled Train Service, via Grand Trunk Railway System, in connection with the picturesque Lehigh Valley R. R. via Niagara Falls. Leave Chicago, Dearborn Station, via Grand Trunk Railway System at 3:10 p. m. Through Solid Vestibuled Train to New York and Philadelphia. The train runs daily, Sundays included, and consists of a combination baggage and smoking car, first-class passenger coaches and Pullman buffet sleeping cars, with dining car attached. The Entire System is Vestibuled, is lighted by gas, heated by steam, and contains all improvements lately introduced in modern railway equipment. For rates, sleeping car accommodations and further information, apply to L. R. Morrow, City Ticket Agent, 193 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

INFAMY FOR SPAIN.

THE WAY MACEO WAS LURED INTO A DEATH TRAP.

Deliberate Plot by Weyler, Ahumada and Doctor Zertucha to Trap the Great Chieftain and Kill Him Like a Dog—Details of the Alleged Plot.

Chicago, Dec. 14.—The detailed news that was sent broadcast over the country yesterday regarding the death of Maceo and declaring that he was the victim of a premeditated assassination by the Spaniards and was lured to his death, caused a wave of indignation through this country that would only need to carry the executive with it to eventuate in war with Spain. There were many versions of the story and all of them were emphatically and officially denied both at Washington by Minister De Lome and at Havana. Later they have been denied by an Associated Press dispatch from Havana which if absolutely reliable stamps the Cubans as very picturesque and persistent prevaricators. The alleged luring of Maceo to his death, on the other hand, was such a crime against modern civilization as would undobtedly turn the whole world against Spain.

New York Sun's Story of the Crime.

The New York Sun's account of the alleged murder of Maceo is the least sensational of the several printed and is in substance as follows: "Dec. 9 a commissioner from the insurgent camp came to Havana and brought news to the Cuban junta there that Antonio Maceo, young Gomez and other members of the staff of Maceo had been assassinated by the Spaniards, in accordance with a plan contrived through Dr. Maximo Zertucha, by the Marquis of Ahumada, second in command, or segundo cabo of the captain generalcy of the island of Cuba. * * * Early in November Maceo received a mysterious message which appeared to him to come from the Marquis of Ahumada, with full authority from General Weyler, as the messenger carried a safe-conduct issued by Weyler personally. Nothing was written; the message was only verbal. At this conference only Brigadier Miro, chief of staff of Maceo, was present. 'Well,' answered Maceo, 'go tell the Marquis of Ahumada that I will consider the thing and give him an answer.'

Zertucha Puts in His Word.

Maceo imediately gathered his staff, and explaining the situation asked the opinion of his subordinates. Brigadier Miro expressed his belief that the whole thing was a scheme for the Spaniards to catch Maceo in a trap. But Dr. Maximo Zertucha tried to convince the Cuban leader that it was wise to meet the Marquis of Ahumada, as the financial situation of Spain clearly indicated that the Spanish army would soon have to abandon the fight. Though Maceo was satisfied that the situation of Spain indicated a coming crisis he accepted the views of Miro and resolved to wait, thinking it strange that the first proposals for peace should be made to him and not to General Gomez."

A New Plot Is Concocted.

The Sun's account goes on to say that this attempt failing General Weyler returned to Havana to help concoct another plan, and Zertucha was retained to carry it out, the latter being promdoctor found means to communicate the plans and movements of Maceo to Ahumada, vie governor general, and to Ahumada, vice governor general and this brought about Maceo's death as follows: Maceo at Gomez' orders had to cross the trocha to join the latter who was moving west and intended to besiege Havana. "The crossing of the trocha was not an easy affair with a large body of men, and even when opportunity offered but few Cuban soldiers could do it without attracting attention. Maceo knew how, and moved to Mariel, but the Spaniards, through Zertucha, knew of his movements and of the communication from Gomez.

LED INTO AMBUSH BY ZERTUCHA.

And Upon Refusing to Surrender Shot to Death by the Spaniards.

"On the 2d of December Maceo sent four men to reconnoiter the trocha on the north side. They exchanged shots with the sentinels and by this the Spanish knew the proximity of the insurgent leader. Then orders were given by the Spanish commander not to resist. On the 3d Maceo sent some more scouts, who came back and assured him that the trocha was not well defended on that side. He passed the trocha on the night of the 4th without resistance after leaving General Ruiz Rivera in command of the Cuban forces in the province of Pinar del Rio.

"On the 5th, in the morning, he sent a commissioner to the junta in Havana. On the 6th, while marching with six men, among them Miro, the son of Gomez, and Zertucha, the latter advised him to take a route through a cane field which he knew. They did so, and fell into an ambush of 500 Spaniards, commanded by Major Cirujeda.

"'If you surrender,' said a voice, 'we offer you your life and an honorable treaty.'

"'Viva, Cuba libre!' answered Maceo, and then the butchery began. Gomez was wounded and fell before Maceo, but Miro escaped.

"At this moment, said the Cuban commissioner to the junta in Havana, a band of rebels who were going to join Maceo at the Havana side of Mariel, approached and were informed by Miro of the ambush. The Spaniards had already taken Maceo, who was pierced with bullets, and Gomez, who killed himself with the last bullet of his revolver. They had searched the bodies, and four men were carrying them when the Cubans came up. A terrible fight ensued, and the Cubans recovered the bodies of the two leaders, pursuing the Spanish with their machetes clear to Punta Brava.

Pulpit for MacLaren.

London, Dec. 14.—In view of the belief that Rev. George F. Pentecost, the American evangelist, will probably accept the call to New York, his successor is being discussed here, and it is generally thought that Rev. Dr. John Watson ("Ian MacLaren") will fill the vacancy.

Fell Dead in a Barber Shop.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 12.—A special from Albany says that State Railroad Commissioner Rickards fell dead in a barber shop there Saturday.

NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the Law Makers.

Washington, Dec. 10.—Three Cuban resolutions were introduced in the senate—by Cameron, to acknowledge the independence of the republic; by Mills for the United States to seize the island; by Call, to acknowledge independence. A large number of bills was introduced, including one to reduce official salaries temporarily and a resolution to investigate the Joint Traffic association, which was adopted. The investigation includes the alleged flour and window glass trusts. Allen moved to take up the Dingley tariff bill which has a free silver rider. Aldrich moved to refer it, but the motion to take it up was carried—35 to 21. Before action could be taken the morning hour expired. The immigration bill was taken up without action and after executive session the senate adjourned.

The house held a three-hour session yesterday and passed a dozen bills of minor imuortance.

Washington, Dec. 11.—The first thing in the senate yesterday was a speech byCullom in favor of the recognition of Cuban independence. He spoke to a resolution which declared that Spain must get out of the entire West Indies. Call of Florida spoke for the recognition of Cuban independence. The immigration bill (Lodge's) then came up and was extensively debated, but went over without action. An executive session was held. Adjourned to Monday.

In the house the debate was political principally, on Populism, the Republicans ridiculing that style of politics and the Populists defending it. A bill was passed prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Capitol or Capitol grounds, only five voting against it and 100 for. Adjourned.

Washington, Dec. 12.—The house only was in session yesterday. The chaplain thanked the Lord that the house had passed the bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Capitol and the members applauded. The time of the committee investigating the tax on alcohol used in the arts was extended to the close of this session. Private bills were then in order and in committee seven were passed, only two of which were adopted by the house. A night session was held at which thirty-three private pension bills were favorably acted upon. Adjourned to Monday.

Washington, Dec. 15.—In the senate yesterday Peffer offered a comprehensive resolution for a commision to investigate and report on a monetary system. Allen spoke on the purposes of the Populists regarding legal obligations, declaring that no such obligations would suffer at their hands. It was agreed to vote on the immigration bill Thursday; the bill for the election of senators by the people was discussed without action. Fifty-five pension bills were passed and some Cuban resolutions introduced. An executive session was held.

The house failed to sustain the president's veto of the private pension bill of Mrs. Lydia A. Taft, a soldier's divorcee and widow—lacking the necessary two-thirds; agreed to adjourn for the holidays Dec. 22 and passed a bill to make it harder to "get a drink" in the District.

GOLD DEMOCRATS CONFER.

Determination to Maintain the Organization the Unanimous Feeling.

Indianapolis, Dec. 11.—"Maintain the organization" was the unaimous sentiment of the executive committee of the gold Democratic party, which met here yesterday. There was not a dissenting voice in regard to this proposition, and one of the first things done was the adoption of resolutions of regret at the death of Colonel Fellows, of New York, and Charles A. Emery, of Illinois. Ex-Representative Bynum presided, both at the conference and the banquet at the Bates House, at the latter of which there were twenty-five guests present. Here Bynum made a speech in which he said that in "glancing over the events of the past few months it seems almost incredible that so much history could have been made in so short a space of time. The organization of a great national party; the convening of a convention composed of 900 delegates, representing more than forty states of the Union; and the prosecution of a campaign unsurpassed in its educational influence, within the short space of three and a half months, certainly an achievement which will occupy a conspicuous page in the political history of our country."

He earnestly urged the continuation of the fight and everything he said in that regard was enthusiastically applauded. Henry Watterson also spoke, as did others, all in the same vein as Bynum. The executive committee decided not to issue an address at the present time, but gave out a statement that the national organization will be preserved in all the states, that national headquarters will be in New York, and that no alliance will be made with the Republican party. Meantime all honorable efforts will be made to reunite the two wings of the Democratic party.

Terrible Mine Accident.

Los Angeles, Dec. 12.—A special dispatch from Yuma says that news has reached there from Hedges, fifteen miles distant in San Diego county, of a terrible disaster in the Queen mine at that place, owned by the Gold Cross Mining company. Some time during the night a cave-in occurred in the main shaft, and as a result, several miners have lost their lives and more are injured.

Eight Robbers in the St. Louis Gang.

St. Louis, Dec. 11.—It was learned that in stead of six there were eight robbers in the gang that held up the Memphis express on the Iron Mountain road in South St. Louis Wednesday night. Thus far the police have been unable to obtain a trace of the robbers, who are thought to be hiding somewhere in the city.

Palmer Did Not Vote for President.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Referring to a report that he and his son must have voted for McKinley because no votes were cast for Palmer and Buckner in his precinct in Springfield, Ills., Senator Palmer says he did not vote any electoral ticket at all last November.

Zertucha Was "Unprofessional."

Chicago, Dec. 15.—The Woman's Medical club, of this city, yesterday passed resolutions denouncing the "unprofessional" treachery of Dr. Zertucha in betraying Maceo into the hands of the Spaniards.

LOSS OF THE SALIER.

NEARLY 400 PEOPLE WENT DOWN WITH THE VESSEL.

Would Have Been 100 Greater if the Disaster Had Occurred a Few Hours Later—Lost Like the Drummond Castle—Struck the Rocks at Night.

Coruna, Spain, Dec. 12.—Three hundred and eighty-one human beings went down in the wreck of the Salier, instead of 274, as first reported, the vessel having taken on more than 100 passengers after she left Bremen. Nearly all the passengers were in the steerage. Owing to the fact that there seems to be no survivors of the wreck there is little else but theories to fall back on to account for the disaster. Experts here look upon the loss of the Salier as having been due to causes proabbly in every particular similar to those which led to the loss of the British steamer Drummond Castle, of the Castle line, off Ushant, on the northwestern extremity of France, in June last. As in the case of the Salier, the weather previous to the wreck of the Drummond Castle and the loss of nearly 250 people had been very heavy, and was followed by thick weather which prevented Captain Pierce, her commander, from seeing the light.

How the Drummond Castle Was Lost.

When he believed he was far enough north Captain Pierce ordered the helm of the Drummond Castle to be ported, and with fine rain and fog headed her on the night of June 17 on a northeasterly course for the Bristol channel. But he was apparently out of his reckoning, for the Drummond Castle seemed to have run at full speed upon a ridge of rocks extending from the island of Molene, half way between Ushant and the mainland of France, to other and smaller islands. The concussion, it was generally admitted at the time, must have ripped the steamer open from stem to stern, and she apparently pitched over the reef and sank almost immediately afterward in deep water, for no trace of her was ever

Like the Drummond Castle, it is believed that the Salier was making the found. Like the Drummond Castle, it is believed that the Salier was making the best time possible under the circumstances, for after leaving Bremen the Salier had touched at Antwerp and this port and her commander was anxious to have his vessel's head pointing on her voyage across the Atlantic ocean.

Theories in Regard to the Salier.

Another theory of the cause of the disaster is that the Salier's steering gear was carried away while she was heading around the rocks for Villagarcia, and that she thus became unmanageable and was driven upon the reef, which is about two and a half miles from land. The passengers of the Salier, it is conjectured, must all—or nearly all—have been in their births in the steerage at the time the steamer struck, and it is thought most of them were drowned before they could tumble out on deck, for no bodies with life preservers have been found so far as known at present.

The steamer struck during the night of Monday last on the Sisarga rocks about two and one half miles off Cape Corrubedo, on her way from this place to Villagarcia, where she was to ship another lot of steerage passengers bound for Buenos Ayres. A large amount of wreckage is reported to have washed ashore. The Salier was an old vessel, but she was considered to be in every way seaworthy.

If the disaster had occurred after the Salier touched at Villagarcia the loss of life would have been much greater, as it is understood there were nearly one hundred more passengers—men, women, and children—awaiting at that port to embark for Buenos Ayres.

HER RELIGION WAS OF NO AVAIL.

Did Ingersoll's Defense of Suicide Have Anything to Do with the Case?

San Francisco, Dec. 12.—The death by asphyxiation of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper and her daughter Harriet yesterday morning has produced a profound sensation in this city. No woman in San Francisco or on the entire Pacific coast was so prominent as Mrs. Cooper, who had devoted her life to religious and philanthropic work, and was actively connected with every reform movement. She was a cousin of Colonel Robert Ingersoll with whom, despite their opposite religious views, she maintained a warm friendship.

There is no doubt but that Miss Cooper was responsible for the deaths of herself and mother. The family physician states that Miss Cooper had been suffering for months from melancholia with homicidal and suicidal tendencies. Her father committed suicide ten years ago and two cousins, nephews of her father, also killed themselves. Harriet Cooper had made several previous attempts to end her life, attempting to jump from a ferry-boat and several times announcing to her mother that she longed to turn on the gas at night so that she and her mother could pass away together.

Killed Himself on His Wife's Grave.

Cincinnati, Dec. 14.—John Lindsley called at the gate of Spring Grove cemetery and asked to be shown the grave of his wife, Mary E. Lindsley. He was told. In a few minutes workmen found the man lying across the mound with a wound in his breast. The revolver was still clutched in his hand. The man died before he could be removed from the grave, which was that of Mrs. Mary E. Lindsley, a nurse, who had died several days ago.

Queen Lil's Visit to Washington.

Washington, Dec. 12.—While no official information has been received as to the purpose of ex-Queen Liliuokalani's visit to this country, her coming at this time occasions much comment in official quarters. She will be met here, it is understood, by Princess Kaiulani, who has been sojourning in Italy and will come here for this meeting. Liliuokalani could not be received here officially, as the United States has acknowledged the republic of Hawaii.

American Federation of Labor.

Cincinnati, Dec. 15.—The sixteenth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor was called to order here at 10 a. m. yesterday by President Samuel Gompers. About 150 delegates were present and many visitors. In the welcoming address more effective action for the eight-hour law and other reforms was recommended.

JULIAN GOES ON THE STAND.

Testifies to the Alleged Plot to Rob Fitzsimmons—Dr. Lustig's Statement.

San Francisco, Dec. 15.—Tom Sharkey, looking little the worse for his drubbing, was in court yesterday when the controversy for the possession of the $10,000 purse was renewed. Fitzsimmons and Julian attempted to expose the alleged conspiracy against Fitzsimmons, but when Julian was asked for positive personal knowledge he could not give it. He was not a party to the alleged plot. Julian related his efforts to have Lynch join him in selecting a referee, stating that Lynch purposly placed the choice of a referee in the hands of the National club, which named Earp. Julian said Police Commissioner Gunst and Riley Grannan had come to him before the fight to tell him "Earp had been fixed." He quoted Riley Grannan as having overheard a conversation between Earp and Joe Harvey, a bookmaker, in the course of which Harvey said: "Then its all right, is it?" to which Earp had replied: "You can depend on me."

Dr. D. D. Lustig's testimony was not much relished by Sharkey. He said he was the medical examiner of the National club, and had examined Sharkey before the fight. After Sharkey had been taken to his room Lustig, with four other doctors, hearing Sharkey had been hurt, offered their services, but they were refused admittance to Sharkey's dressing room. On the following afternoon Dr. Lustig and five other physicians examined Sharkey's injuries in the groin, and witness pronounced the injury superficial. He said it was insignificant, not disabling or producing much pain. The injuries to the groin might have been caused by artificial means, such as the injection of acidulated water.

Dan Hickey, one of Fitzsimmons' seconds; W. W. Naughton, a sporting reporter, and others present at the fight all testified that they had seen no foul blow struck by Fitzsimmons.

CLOSE OF THE BIKE RACE.

Hale Makes 1,910 Miles and 8 Laps as His Six-Day Record.

New York, Dec. 14.—The closing hours of the great six-day bike race in Madison Square garden were marked by the greatest enthusiasm ever displayed at such a contest in this country. Nearly 10,000 persons were in the garden. The race closed at 10 p. m. Saturday and the final scores were: Hale, 1,910 miles 8 laps; Rice, 1,882 miles 6 laps; Reading, 1,065 miles 3 laps; Forster, 1,829 miles 4 laps; Schock, 1,766 miles 2 laps; Smith, 1,754 miles 7 laps; Pierce, 1,758 miles 1 lap; Taylor, 1,732 miles 2 laps; Ashinger, 1,673 miles 3 laps; Moore, 1,661 miles 7 laps; Maddox, 1,664 miles 3 laps; Cassidy, 1,605 miles; Gannon, 1,366 miles 8 laps; McLeod, 1,350 miles 2 laps; Glick, 1,306 miles 3 laps.

Twelve riders broke the world's record for 142 hours made by Albert Schock in 1893—1,600 miles and 1 lap. Twenty-eight men started and fifteen rode at the finish. The strain on all has been great and all showed the effects of loss of sleep. Hale and Rice, who finished first and second, were fresher than any of the others. Hale spurted to the end, and between 9 and 10 o'clock made a mile in 3:40 after riding more than 141 hours. Hale rode an English wheel geared to 86, higher than that of any of the other riders. The prizes to the winners will be: First man, $1,300; second, $800; third, $500; fourth, $450; fifth, $300; sixth, $200; seventh, $150; eighth, $125; ninth, $100; tenth, $100; eleventh, $75.

Young Declared Not Guilty.

Hillsboro, Ills., Dec. 14.—After five hours' deliberation the jury in the case of Robert W. Young, charged with the murder of his wife, Sarah Young, and daughter, Laura, returned a verdict of not guilty.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.

Money on call nominally 1½@2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper 4@6 per cent.; sterling exchange was firm, with actual business in bankers' bill at 486½@486¾ for demand and 485¾@485¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 486½ and 487¼; commercial bills, 482¾.

Silver certificates, 65½; no sales; bar silver, 69¾; Mexican dollars, 51.

United States government bonds firm; 4's registered, 120¾; do. coupons, 120¾; 5's registered, 113¾; do. coupons, 113¾; 4's registered, 109¾; do. coupons, 109½; 2's registered, 95½; Pacific 6's of '97, 99¾.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 77c, closed 77c; May, opened 80¼c, closed 82c; July, opened 75¾c, closed 75¾c. Corn—December, opened 23¾c, closed 23½c; January, opened 23c, closed 23¼c; May, opened 28¾c, closed 28c. Oats—December, opened 17½c, closed nominal; January, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 20¾c, closed 20¾c. Pork—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened $7.67½, closed $7.75. Lard—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened $3.67½, closed $3.90.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 19c; fresh packing stock, 13@14c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 16c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 9@11c per lb; chickens, (hens), 5½@6c; spring chickens, 6@6½c; roosters, 4½c, ducks, 9@10½c; geese, 7@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 20@24c per bu; Hebron, 20@23c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.00@1.25 per bbl. Honey—White clover 10@13c per lb; extracted, 5@7c. Apples—Common to fancy, 50c@$1.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 34,000; sales ranged at $2.80@3.55 pigs, $3.30@3.50 light, $3.05@3.15 rough packing, $3.30@3.50 mixed, and $3.20@3.50 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; quotations ranged at $5.35@5.75 Christmas beeves, $4.75@5.30 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.25@4.80 good to choice do, $3.85@4.25 fair to good, $3.40@4.00 common to medium do, $3.10@3.90 butchers steers, $2.80@3.30 stockers, $3.35@4.00 feeders, $1.60@3.60, cows, $2.40@4.15 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.80@4.10 Texas steers, and $2.75@5.60 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; sales ranged at $2.35@3.60 western, $1.50@3.00 Texans, $1.50@3.75 natives and $2.85@4.30 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 14.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 91½c; track, 92½@93c; No. 2 hard cash, 90c bid; December, 91½c; May, 91¼@91¾c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 21c; December, 21c bid; May, 23½c bid. Oats—No. 2 cash, 19c; May, 21¼@21¾c. Rye—35c.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 14.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 80c; No. 1 northern, 83c; May, 89½c. Corn—No. 3, 22c. Oats—No. 2 white, 18@20½c. Barley—No. 2, 32½ samples, 28@33. Rye—No. 1, 40@41c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Dec. 14.

Wheat—Cash white, 91c¼; cash red, 93c; December, 89c; May, 91¾c.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Summary of Important Events of the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph for the Benefit of Our Readers—Items of Special Interest to Illinois People.

Effingham, Ills., Dec. 12.—Quite a successful experiment was had in this city yesterday with the X ray. Several weeks ago Mrs. A. H. Hackman, sister to Dr. Henry Eversman, cashier of Eversman, Wood & Engbring's bank, experienced a sudden and painful swelling of the left hand, which progressed until it was feared amputation was necessary. Yesterday afternoon the attending physician took his patient to the Illinois College of Photography in this city, and had President Bissell subject the hand to the effects of the X ray, which quickly disclosed and located the trouble. The rays disclosed a sewing needle deeply imbedded in the flesh adjacent to the lower bone of the tomb. The hand was terribly swollen, the rays having successfully penetrated three to four inches of flesh and disclosed the needle in two sections.

CALLS CHICAGO TO ACCOUNT.

The Meeting at Peoria to Consider the Drainage Canal Situation.

Peoria, Ills., Dec. 11.—A largely attended meeting was held here yesterday of representatives of cities along the Chicago drainage canal to take action upon the situation in that matter. Mayor Allen called the meeting to order in the city hall and was elected temporary chairman, with R. R. Bourland, of this city, temporary secretary. Mayor Allen welcomed the delegates and Henry Mayo, of Ottawa, responded. The temporary organization was made permanent, but Mayor Allen declined and Martin Kingman, of this city, was elected chairman.

A committee of five was named on resolutions, and an executive committee of nine was chosen. The resolutions adopted insist on Chicago furnishing the required amount of water to the canal; condemn the action of the trustees in ordering fixed bridges, and recommend a deep waterway to connect the lakes and the Mississippi in conjunction with the drainage canal. The organization was named the Illinois Valley association, and the executive committee was given power to call the delegates together.

Condition of Wheat in Illinois.

Springfield, Ills., Dec. 14.—The state board of agriculture has issued a crop bulletin showing the condition of wheat in Illinois. The area seeded shows a decrease of 8 per cent. compared with 1895. The acres sown are 1,749,094, of which 58,117 are in the northern division, 774,647 in the central, and 916,330 in the southern. Low prices and depredations of cinch bugs caused the decrease. The present condition is 99 per cent. in the southern and central and 100 per cent. in the northern division. The Hessian fly is reported in the following counties: Greene, Logan, Menard, Montgomery, Scott, Clinton, Effingham, Massac, Randolph and White.

Illinois Granger Resolutions.

Springfield, Ills., Dec. 11.—The Patrons of Husbandry adopted resolutions asking the legislature to pass a law making sixty-eight pounds a legal bushel of corn in the ear, instead of seventy, as now; condemning dealing in "futures" by boards of trade; demanding that the national government issue treasury notes of full legal tender, to retire the greenbacks now in circulation, and make the new notes on a parity with the silver certificates of 1878, and declaring for the initiative and referendum in enactment of all laws. The next meeting will be held here in December, 1897.

Edwardsville, Ills., Bank Closed.

Edwardsville, Ills., Dec. 15.—The banking house of John A. Prickett & Son in this city, suspended Monday, making an assignment to C. N. Travous and E. D. Gillespie. The cause assigned in the notice posted are heavy cash withdrawals during the panic times and long continued illness of the head of the establishment. The expectation of ultimately paying liabilities in full is expressed. The failure was entirely unexpected and has caused a profound sensation, as the bank was largely patronized locally.

Killed His Brother by Accident.

Effingham, Ills., Dec. 11.—Will Tinnea, aged 19 years, accidentally shot and killed his brother, Leonard, Wednesday with a shotgun. He had placed a cap on the nipple of the gun, not thinking it was loaded, and pointed it at the door. Just as he pulled the trigger his brother stepped in the door and received the load in the heart, dying in three minutes.

Crop Report for Illinois.

Springfield, Ills., Dec. 12.—The official crop bulletin of the state board of agriculture shows a corn yield this year of 288,500,000 bushels, averaging forty-two bushels per acre through the state; average price, 12 cents per bushel. This is the largest yield in the history of the state, excepting the crop of 1879, when reached over 300,000,000 bushels.

State Notes.

Miss Annie G. Pidgeon, of Cairo, Ills., has begun suit for $10,000 against Dr. J. J. Gordon for breach of promise. He is a prominent physician of the town.

Two Mormon missionaries are conducting a proselyting campaign at Waukegan, Ills.

The Filip & Raichart Manufacturing company, at 810 West Nineteenth street, Chicago, has made an assignment. Assets, $30,000; liabilities about $28,000. The company has a planing mill.

A confession is said to have been made by C. W. Manley, of Jacksonville, Ills., of an attempt to rob the Massachusetts Benefit association of $10,000 in the Thomas G. Fiennikin case by false testimony.

Choate Will Run for Senator.

New York, Dec. 15.—Joseph H. Choate has written a letter announcing that he will be a candidate for election to the United States senate in succession to David B. Hill.

The Way to Encourage Judge Lynch.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 15.—T. J. Crawford, attorney for Scott Jackson, has written to the court of appeals asking that a motion for a rehearing of the case be filed

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Dec. 9.

The Salvation Army has completed arrangements for the most extensive congress the organization ever convened in Chicago. It will be held from Jan. 18 to 27 inclusive.

The Hamburg strike is hopeless, owing to the importation of foreign workmen. It is said that the number of men now out numbers 17,000.

James Raper, colored, for twenty-three years a convict in the Jeffersonville (Ind.) prison, has been pardoned.

E. C. Hollenbeck, alias Dorsen, borrowed $60 on worthless security from James Norris, of the United States hotel, Chicago, to pay wedding expenses. He then left the city.

Eight hundred deaths from the plague are reported in the Bombay district of India.

Secretary of State Olney has under consideration no treaty of annexation of Hawaii to the United States.

The entire plant of the Withington & Russell company at Nashville Tenn., was burned. Loss, $125,000.

Thursday, Dec. 10.

The tobacco manufacturing plant of the Brown Bros.' Tobacco company at Winston, N. C., was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of $150,000, with $85,000 insurance.

J. L. Murphy, of Chicago, was thrown from his horse on to the Calumet Electric railway tracks and stunned. While unconscious a car ran over him and he is not expected to recover.

Fancis M. Coe and his wife, Julia C. Coe, of Chicago, ask Uncle Sam for a trifle of $105,000,000. They claim certain slices of the United States and a few chunks of South America and Mexico, basing the claim on a patent said to have been granted by King George I.

Obituary: At Milwaukee, W. W. Watkins. At Jackson, Mich., Banker R. H. Emerson, 60. At Wabash, Ind., David Pence, 90.

DeWitt E. West, wanted in Chicago on a charge of embezzlement, has been arrested at San Antonio, Tex.

Father J. J. Harty, of St. Louis, is being urged for Roman Catholic bishop of Mobile.

Friday, Dec. 11.

Dr. A. W. McAlister, of Columbia, Mo., dean of the medical department of the State University and member of the state board of health, says that Dr. Powell, who claims to have discovered a cure-all, is not a doctor that he knows of, but a jeweler in a small way.

The United States cotton crop this year amounts to 7,161,094 bales, which is 15 per cent. more than in 1895.

Investigation of charges against the management of the Leavenworth (Kan.) Soldiers' Home is in progress at Washington.

A colliery has been flooded at Abernant, in the south of Wales, and 120 men who were in the mine had a race for their lives. Six of them were drowned.

The Venezuela cabinet has accepted the agreement between Salisbury and Olney, subject to ratification by congess.

Alfred Noble, the inventor of nitroglycerine, died Wednesday evening at San Reno, Italy.

Saturday, Dec. 12.

William Steinway left his estate, valued at $2,500,000, to his children.

Obituary: At New Orienas, Thomas Cage. At Richmond, Ind., Everett A. Richey, 46. At Jackson, Mich., Benjamin J. Wood. At Breese, Ills., Clement Coers, 76.

Miss Helen Beers, of Bridgeport, Conn., born blind 49 years ago, has had her sight restored by the removal of a cataract from each eye.

The investigation of the National Soldiers' Home at Leavenworth, Kas., shows that the number of dishonorable discharges have been extraordinary large.

The New York Union League club has started a movement to boom Joseph H. Choate for the United States senate.

A prisoner named Onhart., held at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, under eighteen months' sentence, escaped and for several hours eluded those searching for him by burying himself in the sand near the government pier.

Monday, Dec. 14.

The Kentucky supreme court has decided that Alonzo Walling must hang for his share in the murder of Pearl Bryan. An "enterprising" reporter acted the eavesdropper and heard the justices come to a decision. He then published his scoop. He is now in jail for thirty days besides a fine. It was the other papers who "scooped" him.

The annual meeting of the National League of Commissioner Merchants of the United States will be held in the Revere House, Boston, Jan. 13, 14 and 15, 1897.

The late Dr. Caroline Brown Winslow, of Washington, left a will bequeathing her body to Howard university to be carefully dissected by a woman medical student for the purpose of advancing her knowledge of anatomy. Her skeleton is then to be wired and used for educational purposes.

The vote in Washington is officially reported as follows: Bryan, 51,646; McKinley, 38,574; Levering, 968; Palmer, 148.

The vote of California for presidential electors has been tabulated and shows the following totals: Republicans, 146,688; fusion, 144,766; Prohibition, 2,673.

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A CHRISTMAS BALL.

'Way out in western Texas, where the Clear Forks waters flow;
Where the cattle are a-browsin an the Spanish ponies grow;
Where the northers come a-whistlin from beyond the "neutral strip,"
An the prairie dogs are sneezin es if they had the grip;
Where the coyotes come a-howlin round the ranches after dark,
An the mocking birds are singin tu the lively medder lark;
Where the possum, an the badger, an rattlesnakes abound,
An the monstrous stars are winkin o'er a wilderness profound;
Where lonesome, tawny prairies melt into airy streams,
While the Double mountains slumber with heavenly kind in dreams;
Where the antelope is grazin an the lonely plovers call—
It was there that I attended the Cowboys' Christmas ball.

The town wus Anson City, ole Jones' county seat,
Where they raise Polangus cattle an wavin, whiskered wheat;
Where the air is soft an bammy, an dry an full uv health,
An the prairies is explodin with agricultural wealth;
Where they print The Texas Western, that Alec McCann supplies
With news an yarns an stories uv most amasin size;
Where Frank Smith pulls the badger on knowin tenderfeet,
An Democracy's triumphant an powerful hard to beat;
Where lives that good old hunter, John Milsap, from Lamar,
Who "used ter be the sheriff back east in Paris, nah"—
'Twas there, I say, at Anson, with the lively Widder Wall,
That I went to that recepahun, the Cowboys' Christmas ball.

The boys had left the ranches an cum to town in piles;
The ladies, kinder scatterin, had gethered in for miles,
An yet the place wus crowded, as I remember well—
'Twus got fur the occashun at the Morning Star hotel.
The music wus a fiddle an a lively tambourine,
An a viol "cum imported," by the stage from Abilene.
The room wus togged out gorgeous with mistletoe an shawls,
An candles flickered frescoes around the airy walls.
The wimmin folks looked lovely. The boys looked kinder treed
'Till the leader commenced yellin: "Whoa, fellers! Let's stampede!"
An the music started, sighin an a-wailin through the hall,
Es kind uv introduction to the Cowboys' Christmas ball.

This leader wus a feller thet cum from Swenson's ranch—
They called him Windy Billy, from Little Dead Man's Branch.
His rig wus kinder keerless—big spurs an high heeled boots.
He hed the reputation thet comes when fellers shoots.
His voice wus like a bugle upon the mountain's height.
His feet were animated an a mighty movin sight.
Then he commenced to holler: "Neow, fellers, stake yer pen!
Lock horns tu all them heifers an rustle 'em like mem!
Salute yer luvly critters! Neow swing an let 'em go!
Climb the grapevine round 'em—all hands do-cedo!
Ye sm... sticks jino the round up—just skip her waterfall!'
Heh, hit wus guttin active—the Cowboys' Christmas ball.

—Larry Chittenden, Post-Ranchman.

MRS. CHRISTMAS.

TRANSLATED BY JOSEPH SOHM.

[Copyright, 1896.]

It was in the afternoon. High up in the mountains on the line of the Black Forest railway, in one of those small cabins which at regular intervals line the side of all European railroads, housing those poorly paid men whose duty it is to inspect from time to time the roadbed for a certain distance and warn passing trains of eventual danger, a door opened and a woman's head appeared, breaking the monotony of the snowy landscape. The head was quickly withdrawn. Inside in the overheated room her husband, the flagman, lay on his bed in a fever. It had attacked him suddenly, he knew not how, and now he wanted neither to hear nor see anything; only to sleep.

His wife had brewed a hot tea for him and made him drink it. She was in hopes to rouse him by it, for little Jakob, their only son, had been at her all day, saying: "Mother, dear, won't you go down to the village and get me something for Christmas? See, the tree is already stuck in the pot, and all I need are apples and nuts and a big, big herzlebkuchen" [a large frosted cake in the shape of a heart].

But whenever she put a warm wrap around herself and allowed the boy to drag her to the door, a sudden fear for the loudly breathing husband would seize her, and she would return to his bedside.

Little Jakob finally broke out into bitter crying, that on this holy eve he was to have nothing but a bare tree, which seemed to him the greatest sorrow that this world could hold. The mother, with a sudden impulse, said to her husband: "In two hours I am back again. It is Christmas eve, and no child ought to be allowed to go empty handed. Don't you think I could get something for our little boy?"

"Yes, yes," he nodded in assent. "I am feeling a little dumpish yet. When I've had a sleep, I shall feel better."

"Listen, Jakob." The mother then turned to the boy. "Watch closely. When the hand of the clock shows 5 minutes of 5, you must wake up your father, get his flag for him, and not stop until he is out there when the train comes. Do you hear me? You must not let up until he does it. I charge you with it."

Jakob promised. "I will not rest, mother, but don't forget I need apples and nuts a-plenty, and a great big herzlebkuchen."

The woman was already battling outside with wind and snow, when the child's clear voice rang out after her:

"There must be almonds in it. Goodby, mother, and give my best regards to the Christ Kindl, if you meet him on the way!"

Then Jakob went to his tree, gazed on it rapturously, and from time to time clapped his hands, for in anticipation he already saw all the branches and twigs hung with apples and nuts. Though the mother could not return before 6 o'clock, and the clock was now striking only 4, Jacob nevertheless every little while went out doors to see whether

OFF FOR THE VILLAGE.

she was not coming, returning every time with his head full of snowflakes. Then he would plant himself with great conscientiousness in front of the old clock, watching the swinging of the pendulum.

At last. There was no mistake, the hands pointed to where the mother had shown him. Jakob went to the bedside of his sleeping father, shook him by the shoulders and cried into his ears, "Father, the train!"

The man lay in a deep sleep. After drinking the tea a sweat had broken out, and a heavy dream seemed to oppress him, for when the child bent over him he struck at him. But Jakob could not be deterred. He knew what was at stake if his father missed his duty. He got the flag and put it in his father's hand. He dragged the heavy overcoat to the bedside. He yelled, he tugged and pulled at the sleeping man—but in vain. The train signal could now be heard outside.

"Quick!" the boy cried. "The train, father! Get up! Listen, dear father! Do listen to me!"

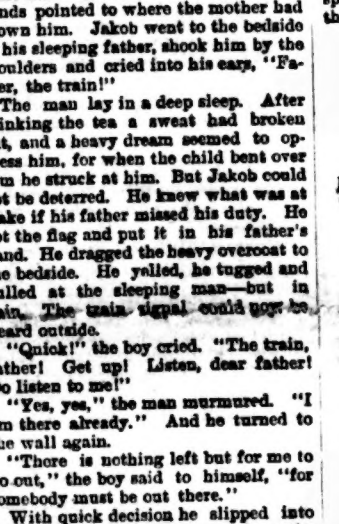
"Yes, yes," the man murmured. "I am there already." And he turned to the wall again.

"There is nothing left but for me to go out," the boy said to himself, "for somebody must be out there."

With quick decision he slipped into his father's heavy overcoat, drew the cape over his head and seized the flag. He arrived just in the nick of time at his post, for a few moments later the train thundered past the grotesque little form. The snow had covered him from head to foot. With great seriousness he presented the flag, and the rosy child face beamed most sweetly from under the snow covered cape—a storm wafted Santa Claus on a solitary night.

As such he may have appeared to the youthful lady who stood in the open window of a compartment car, gazing out into the silent Christ night, for suddenly she beckoned with her hand, and the next instant a heavy object came flying from the passing train right before Jakob's feet.

He picked it up and hurried into the house with it. There, after dropping his father's heavy overcoat, he hastened to the window to examine his present in the bright moonlight. It was a small, fine purse. He opened it and found it almost filled with bright new silver coin. Jakob fairly screamed with de-



THE LITTLE FLAGMAN.

light. He never thought of a giver, for wasn't it Christmas? No wonder that presents fell from heaven.

He commenced to cover the twigs of his little Christmas tree with the coins, which was no small trouble, for they would continually drop off again, so that finally Jakob, quite exhausted, placed his head on his arms and fell asleep under his silver spangled tree. He did not hear when his mother returned, covered with snow and panting from exertion as she entered the room. She first set down her basket and then hurried to her husband's bedside. He was breathing evenly, and on the floor was his overcoat. He had been able to fulfill his duty. "God be praised," the woman murmured and turned to the window where the tree was and her little boy was sitting motionless. Softly, on tiptoes, with the basket full of apples and nuts, the herzlebkuchen in her hand, she stepped behind the child's chair. But what was that? Was the moon shining with extraordinary brightness tonight that a silvery shimmer seemed to proceed from the tree as well as from the curly hair of sleeping Jakob? The woman brushed with her outstretched hand over the head of the child and with a silvery tinkle little objects fell right and left to the floor. "Great heavens!" she exclaimed, causing Jakob suddenly to start up. First he looked around somewhat scared, but then, hopping from one leg to the other in exuberant joy, he exclaimed: "Yes, yes; everything belongs to me. Look, just look, mother!"

The woman first of all made a light. Her husband now woke up, too, leaping from his bed with both feet at once. "My God," he said, "the train has passed! Of course you have been out there, wife!"

His wife turned deathly pale. "I have just returned," she gasped.

"But I was out there," chimed in Jakob. "When father didn't want to wake up at all, I just took the flag and the overcoat and did everything all right. Nobody knew me, but the Santa Claus threw a heap of money from heaven down to me—all new money."

Feeling quite miserable yet from the spell of fear he had just passed through, the flagman, with trembling knees, al-

ASLEEP BY THE TREE.

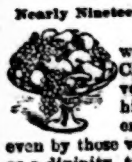
lowed himself to drop into the nearest chair. "Have you really been out there?" he inquired.

"Of course. You can depend on it," Jakob assured him.

The flagman's wife examined the purse and found in it a card, with the inscription, "A Merry Christmas." It took a long time until they succeeded in spelling out the words. Finally she said: "Oh, I know! It means Frau Marey [provincial German for Mary] Christmas. God bless her! She must be a very kind hearted lady!"

"Very likely she is Santa Claus, mother," ventured Jakob as he sailed into his apples and nuts.

Nearly Nineteen Hundred Christmases.



Yet a few years, and the world will have seen 1900 Christmases — 1900 anniversaries of the birth of him whose personal influence is generally admitted, even by those who do not believe in him as a divinity, to have been for the good of mankind, for the betterment of the world. In those 1900 years a most remarkable change has taken place among the sons of men. Their ideals have been changed radically—have been raised from the low level of selfishness to the high level of generosity, of good will to all and of helpfulness. Year by year the circle of Christian influence has widened, and today it is felt in some degree in every part of the world, save in some few remote regions, like the densely darkened interior of China, or some as yet unvisited corners in Africa.

Even among many of those peoples who have not as yet accepted the religion founded on the first Christmas day Jesus is held in high esteem. He is canonized as a saint by the Mohammedans. He is known to the Buddhists as a great and good man, and when Japan made war upon China, although the mass of the Japanese are as yet non-Christian, their soldiers were cautioned not to conduct themselves with the cruelty of pagan times, but to remember that the eyes of Christendom were upon them and must not be scandalized by wanton slaughterings of the helpless and the innocent. It is true that these warnings were forgotten at Port Arthur, but the blood that was ruthlessly shed there was abjectly apologized for by the mikado, and in the main the war was conducted without the old time barbarisms.

It is also true that there was a war; that there are still occasional wars between Christian nations, and that all wars are violations of the teachings of Christ, but the fact remains that the world is now practically at peace.

ANIMALS' CHRISTMAS

THE PART THEY PLAY IN EUROPEAN CELEBRATIONS.

Curious Customs but Little Known In This Country—Superstitions About Beasts and Birds—Blessing the Flocks—A Rooster Mass In Spain.

Among the most pleasing features of the universal good will that prevails at Christmastide in the old world is the kindly disposition shown to extend the enjoyment of the festivity to the dumb animals, which just at this season of the year may be said to be brought into more friendly and intimate contact with their masters than at any other time of the year. Throughout Scandinavia, Germany and Austria the peasants are accustomed to erect in front of their cottages on Christmas day a pole to which is fastened a large sheaf of oats or corn for the benefit of the little birds, while in many districts grain is spread outside on the doorstep and window sills on the evening of Dec. 24. The Albanians, the Montenegrins and in fact nearly all the races of the southeast of Europe, irrespective of creed or nationality, make a point of distributing their first large Christmas meal cake among the cattle, after having broken it on the horn of an ox, while during the siege of Paris, when each soldier of the beleaguering German army managed to have his little Christmas tree, however scant or poor, set up on Christmas eve in remembrance of the loved ones at home, nearly every trooper made a point of leading up his horse to see his tree and to receive his master's ration of bread in honor of the occasion.

Only in certain districts of southern Italy and in the isle of Man are exceptions to be found to this rule. Thus in Calabria it is customary among the peasantry at Christmas time to place cake upon a table and to drive the oxen around it, those who attempt to taste the food being slaughtered on the spot. In the isle of Man the cruel pastime known as "hunting the wren," and which dates back to pagan times, is still ... ed every Christmas morning, all the villagers turning out, every one armed with two sticks—one for beating the bushes and the other for throwing at the birds. The origin of the custom is to be found in the legend according to which "there formerly lived in the isle of Man a very beautiful fairy who exercised great influence over the male population by means of her voice, enticing them into the sea, where they were drowned. So long did this continue that fears were entertained that the island would be depopulated. Eventually, however, a knight errant of King Arthur's Round Table appeared upon the scene, and he, having discovered a means of overcoming the fairy's charm, pressed her so hard with a plot for her destruction that she could only save herself by taking the form of a wren. While she was in this form a spell was cast upon her which compelled her to assume the bird's form on each Christmas day and decreed that she should ultimately "die by human hands;" hence the cruel hunting of the wren is kept up, and after the birds have been killed the children place them on ivy bushes and carry them around in procession.

But it is in France, especially in the western and southern portions thereof, that the peasants made a point of introducing their domestic animals into the celebration of Christmas not only at home, but also at church, on the ground that the poor creatures having participated in the joy of mankind at the birth of Christ should participate in the annual commemoration of the event. Thus in Brittany cattle and sheep may be said to form part of the congregation that attends the quaint yet thoroughly reverent mass performed in most of the churches of the seacoast villages on Christmas eve. On the right side of the altar a bower is constructed of fragrant pine and fir branches, with great bunches of crimson berried hollies and mistletoe glistening among the verdure. Under this canopy there sits the most beautiful maiden of the village, her hair falling on her loose white garments, while in her arms there reposes a young infant. Beside her stands a young man wearing a gold embroidered robe and leaning on a staff, while an ox, a donkey and four sheep quietly munch corn from a couple of mangers. As soon as the gospel has been read a small chorister concealed in the cardboard figure of a rooster begins to chant the verses, "For to us a child is born," imitating cleverly at the close of each strophe the crow of a chanticleer. The deep bass voice of another grown up chorister hidden somewhere in the fir branch bower above described "lows" the response of "Ubi?" (where), which sounds as if it proceeds from the ox. A tenor chorister concealed near the sheep baas the word "Bethlehem," and then a baritone voice, apparently proceeding from the donkey, brays "Eamus" (let us go thither). Thereupon the rector, his acolytes and the entire congregation form a procession and march from the altar to the bower where the representation of the nativity is arranged. The priest, having sprinkled the mother and child as well as the animals with holy water, thereupon makes his way to the chief entrance to the church, the doors of which are wide open, looking usually out on to the sea. All the cattle and the flocks of the village have meanwhile been driven into the churchyard and stand crowded together in the silvery light of the moon around the portal. Taking up his position on the topmost step of the porch, the rector exclaims: "God in his mercy, my dear children, has sent me on this radiant night of the nativity to bless your cattle and your flocks, because it is only right that the animals which constitute your greatest help and source of prosperity should participate in the joy which fills all our hearts. Now lead your flocks past me."

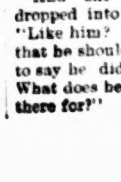
The shepherd and cattle herders then begin to drive the animals past, while the priest, dipping the sprinkler into the silver ewer of holy water, showers the latter upon the horses, the asses, the oxen, the cows and the sheep. The clang of the bells around their necks, their lowing, their baaing, their braying and neighing, as well as the cries and words of command of their drivers, create a tremendous din, above which ever and anon rise the solemn words of the priest, "Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus!" the choristers bringing the blessings to a close with a resounding "Amen!"

Every one who has wintered in Spain will recall to mind the "Misa del Gallo," or "cock's mass," celebrated in all the churches on Christmas eve, or rather Christmas morning. The chanticleer being the bird that is first to herald in the advent of the morning light, the Spaniards, by a happy and quaint conceit, like to imagine that he is anxious on this night of nights to call upon them even at midnight to be awake and to salute the happy morning. In the principal churches of Madrid and Seville this midnight mass in honor of the "Dios Nino" is rendered with exquisite pastoral music, castanets and tambourines playing an important part in the orchestra, while now and again, by means of a special instrument, pathetic and birdlike notes swell up with peculiar beauty, as if some midnight bird had lent its voice to mingle with the angelic psalms to herald in the mystic coming of the babe of Bethlehem. In the churches of the small provincial towns and villages the instrumental bird notes are replaced by those of an ordinary rooster, which by some device known to the peasants is made to crow at the appointed period during the celebration.

Not only on the continent of Europe, but also in the southwestern counties of England a superstition prevails to the effect that animals possess the power of speech at 12 o'clock on Christmas eve. Inasmuch, however, as only those persons who are entirely free from mortal sin are supposed to possess the privilege of understanding their utterances, there is no authentic record extant as to the character of their remarks on these occasions.

EX-ATTACHE.

Johnny's Christmas.



Johnny Blank is under very high pressure in an effort to be good, if his own statement is to be accepted. He met a friend yesterday and made his companion's eyes bulge with his story.

"I hain't had no fun lately, Jim," he said, glancing around to see that none of his relatives was in sight, "but I'm in it this time. Pop's promised me a new pair of skates if I get 85 on my December report, which'll be made out next week, you see. If I don't miss Sunday school and kin tell what the text is, Mam she sez she'll get me an air gun. Whoopee!"

And here John's exuberance was given vent in a series of whoops with gymnastic accompaniment.

"But that's not half of 'em, Jim," he continued. "You know, when sis's beau comes I hang around and work him for candy and sich, but she has promised me a dollar ef I keep off her territory on beau nights. Then my uncle and my aunt, seein I'm tryin to be good, are goin to chip in, and as I'm goin to two Sunday schools I'm strictly in it, and don't you fergit it."

After the Christmas Eve Ball.

Up the broad steps they tripped into her home. The gas burned low. Her slender fingers hung to his a moment. She stood directly under the gas jet, under which some one, in anticipation of the morrow, had hung a sprig of mistletoe.

He could not help it—he kissed her. She looked so pretty, so innocent, under that sprig of mistletoe.

Yes, it was an ungentlemanly and unmanly thing to do. Her frightened, startled look pained him. He stammered out a miserable excuse. Her great eyes filled with tears, and she gave a little choking sob when he apologized.

"Dear little innocent," he thought, "I would not have hurt her for the world."

And she—after he was gone—she dropped into a great chair and sobbed "Like him? I love him. And to think that he should kiss me at last and then to say he didn't mean anything by it! What does he think I put the mistletoe there for?"

THE SKATING LESSON.

How Thornley Fulfilled His Rash Christmas Promise.

She was a beautiful girl, and Thornley was the happiest man along the Hudson river because she was paying his sister Emily a two weeks' visit. There was a stretch of glassy ice below the house, and when Thornley jokingly asked her what he should give her for Christmas she smiled sweetly and replied:

"Give me a few lessons in skating. I have never learned, and the ambition of my life is to glide over the smooth surface of the frozen river."

"I shall be delighted to instruct you, Miss Lakeside," Thornley said eagerly. And he meant what he said. He little dreamed then that she weighed 180 pounds—little cared, perhaps, for love is reckless and unreasoning. Thornley himself, when equipped with an overcoat, a pair of rubbers and his everyday clothing, tipped the scales at about 120 pounds.

"Do you think you can support me, Mr. Thornley?" she asked coyly.

"Support you?" repeated the gallant but rash Thornley as he rose from his knees and grasped her hands to begin the lesson. "Support you? Why, I could support you for—for life, Miss Lakeside."

"Oh, Mr. Thornley!" she cried, blushing like a rose. Her eyes fell, and a moment later she and Thornley followed them. Grasping her by the arms, Thornley tugged until the veins stood out like whipcords on his brow and finally raised her to her feet again. She made four desperate strokes with her wabbling skates, quite unintentionally kicked Thornley's feet out from under him, and then sat down again with a vehemence that called forth a crackling protest from the astonished ice. Thornley picked her up once more. They struck out a second time. History repeated itself, and the habit soon became chronic. Thornley's brow was beaded with perspiration. It began to dawn upon him that she must weigh at least 180 pounds. When he picked her up for the seventh time and attempted to guide her wandering and irresponsible feet, he changed his mind.

"If she weighs an ounce, she weighs 800!" he thought, with a gasp for breath. "This is positively dangerous. The ice is only about six inches thick, and there isn't a life preserver within a mile of us!"

He paused for a moment to rest the right arm that had been holding her up for half an hour and to get the numerous painful kinks out of his back.

"You are tired, Mr. Thornley?" she murmured.

"That's—that's right," he panted.

"Are—are you still sure you could support me for life?" she asked mischievously.

"Support you for life?" he gasped. "Of course I could if I only had a derrick!"

And that night 180 pounds of offended loveliness started for home.

EARLE H. EATON.

Charles Dickens on Christmas.

Christmas time! That man must be a misanthrope indeed in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused, in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened, by the recurrence of Christmas. There are people who will tell you that Christmas is not to them what it used to be; that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope or happy prospect of the year before dimmed or passed away; that the present only serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and straitened incomes, of the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that meet them now in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. Look on the merry faces of your children, if you have any, as they sit round the fire. One little seat may be empty. One slight form that gladdened the father's heart and roused the mother's pride to look upon may not be there. Dwell not upon the past. Think not that one short year ago the fair child now resolving into dust sat before you with the bloom of health upon its cheek and the gayety of infancy in its joyous eye. Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Fill your glass again, with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry and your new year a happy one.

Tough on the Turkey.

Landlady—Are you ill, Mr. Middleage? You do not seem to be enjoying your Christmas turkey with Mr. Youngblood?

Mr. Middleage—No, not ill. But I'm not so muscular as I was once.

We love and bless the hands we press
When the Christmas log is burning.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 19, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—E. H. Sothern in "An Enemy to the King."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Pudd'nhead Wilson."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—May Irwin in "Courted Into Court."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Roland Reed in "The Wrong Mr. Wright."

CLIFFGRD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"La Fille de Madame Angot."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE "DEPARTMENT STORES" VERSUS THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS.

For years the big "department stores" on State street have made persistent passive war on the weekly newspapers published in this city. They refuse them their advertisements, whether large or small, on the ground that there are "too many of them," and that "everybody reads the daily papers." If there are so many weekly papers in Chicago it shows that such publications must be in demand, and that, if they combine for their own interests, they can bring the "department stores," such as Siegel & Cooper, A. M. Rothschild, The Fair, and others to their senses. In an interview with a representative of THE CITIZEN, Mr. F. H. Cooper, of the first-named firm, said there were about 500 weekly publications in Chicago, and that his firm could not appropriate money sufficient to cover all of them. Mr. Otto Young, of The Fair, said that his firm did not want the weekly press as an advertising medium, and that THE CITIZEN was at liberty to publish his statement. We do so with great pleasure. If, as Mr. Cooper says, there are 500 weekly papers published in Chicago, taking the large with the small, they must have a constituency of 500,000 people. Making allowance for country subscribers, there must be in the city alone 250,000 people directly or indirectly interested in weekly papers. If all these were to act for their own interests, by forming, say, a Weekly Paper Protective Association, they would soon become a formidable power—so formidable that even Mr. Cooper, of Siegel & Cooper, or Kaiser Young, of The Fair, could not afford to ignore it. We know of no good reason why such an Association should not be formed to advocate the interests of the weekly press and protest against the unjust and insulting un-American discrimination practised against them by the "department stores" in general, and those situated on State street in particular. Not one of these stores is any better, or as good as that of the John M. Smyth Co., Marshall Field & Co. or Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.—stores that are first-class in every respect, and do not discriminate insultingly against the weekly press.

We admit there may be cases wherein the managers, or directors, of department or other stores might be justified in refusing to advertise in weekly newspapers. No sensible manager of a weekly, or other, journal would expect a business man to give his advertisement without hope of some return for the expenditure of his money; but when a paper, as in the case of THE CITIZEN, is long established, and has a respectable constituency, there is no valid reason why it should be, in a practical sense, boycotted by the department stores. There are numerous other long established and reputable weekly journals in Chicago that deserve consideration on the part of general advertisers. These, certainly, should take immediate measures to protect themselves against a discrimination that has become a menace to their prosperity.

This menace comes not so much from the amount that might be realized, and is not, from the department stores themselves, but because their hoggish example is often followed by first-class firms that would never think of discriminating against the weekly newspapers otherwise. If the weekly papers were to make a fight against the department stores, as, in fact, they are indirectly challenged to do, the bloated monsters would be soon howling for mercy. The greedy, like the cruel, are nearly always cowardly. The only way to tame the pride of the department store bosses is to touch their pockets. That is an argument they never fail to understand.

Department stores are not as popular as they used to be, for many reasons. As they grow prosperous they grow careless, and have little regard for the rights of their customers or for those of the public generally. They are death to all retail institutions, and have, like the boa constrictor, crushed the small dealers of the city before swallowing them. If the department store system continues unchecked, there will soon be an end of general prosperity. There will be big bosses, like F. H. Cooper and Otto Young, while the public in general will be as helpless in the hands of the autocrats as the serfs of Russia were in the hands of the nobles before their emancipation. We are pleased to observe that agitation against the department system has been already begun in Hyde Park, among the business people, and we expect to see it vigorously followed up.

Another great and growing objection to the department stores is the terrible menace their crowded condition and inflammable contents offer to human life. Around the holidays, especially, the crush is something awful. If a fire were to break out in one of these monster sales labyrinths, the loss of life would be something appalling. Few people, in the confusion, and bewildered by flames and smoke, could find their way to the exits. The mortality would be simply terrible—hundreds, nay thousands, must inevitably perish. In a crush such as must follow a stampede in a big department store, the firemen would be powerless. They might be able to save the building, but they could not, in all probability, save the lives of customers, blinded by smoke, and trampled under foot by the frightened multitude.

Another objection to them is that they blockade the streets by attracting mobs of people to view wild beasts and freaks exhibited in their windows. Thousands of pedestrians are put to inconvenience when passing these hungry establishments by having to walk in the streets, in order to escape being crushed by the crowds that mass around the huge glass fronts of the department stores. Like moths around the flame that consumes them.

The "department store," like the "trust," is a curse to the country. It is arrogant, narrow, selfish, mean, despicable and exists by the credulity of the "bargain" buyers, who imagine they are saving money by patronizing commercial gluttons and starving out the retail dealers. One thing should always be borne in mind by housekeepers—lasting goods call for living prices. The department stores charge low on some articles and high on others. Thus they maintain their average of profit. It is doubtful if they have on sale many articles of first quality. Their chief business is done on "seconds" and "thirds"—economical in appearance, but, in reality, dearer in the end than good articles, which last longer. The house of the bargain hunter is always shabby. There are occasions when bargains are legitimate—as at the close of the season, when "lay-over" stocks have to be sold out at, or below, cost. There are also occasions when special sales give the purchaser an advantage, but, as a rule, the All-the-Year-Round Cheap Jack must be viewed with suspicion. He certainly is not perpetually in the business for the good of the public or for his health.

HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

A donation party for the benefit of the House of the Good Shepherd will be given at the convent of the order, Market and Hill streets, next Monday evening, Dec. 21. This most worthy charity has the approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, and deserves the active support of all who believe in the cause of female reformation. In their appeal on behalf of their charge, the sisters say:

"The preservation of young girls and the redemption of erring women is the life work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

"In these hard times, want, misery and starvation have helped to swell the immense number of these unfortunates, young and old, to whom the portal of the House of the Good Shepherd is as a haven of rest, a surcease of sorrow, a refuge from infamy, a means of reformation and a possibility of atonement.

"But while the hard times have swelled the number of its inmates, they have also crippled, in a most deplorable manner, the resources of the institution; and it is therefore with a profound trust in the benevolence of humanity that the Sisters appeal to the good and charitable of Chicago to help them in their efforts to preserve girlhood from folly, womanhood from vice and crime.

"Donations of money and supplies for this worthy purpose will be gladly received by the Mother Superior, as well as offering of hotel, railroad and restaurant laundry-work; also orders for needle-work, of which the institution makes a specialty and has ever been patronized by a large number of the leaders of Chicago society."

PATRONIZE OUR FRIENDS ONLY.

We recommend most heartily that the readers and friends of THE CITIZEN—the representative Irish-American newspaper of the Great West—deal only with the firm that shows respect for its constituency by advertising in its columns. Mark well the firms that refuse to advertise—they are too "high toned" and "independent" to cultivate Irish-American custom. Yet, Irish-American money will buy just as much as other people's money.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS.

If words were actions, President Cleveland would go down to prosperity as one of the world's greatest men, but as his words are merely words which mean little or nothing, especially in the case of Cuba, his reputation rests on a very shadowy foundation. In his recent message he wastes over 3,000 words to arrive at a conclusion which could be reached in one instant by saying, "I have no sympathy with rebellion against legitimate sovereigns." And that would have been the plain truth, as was shown in his treatment of the successful revolutionists of Hawaii. Here is a quotation from the message which shows the drift of the Presidential mind:

"It would seem that if Spain should offer to Cuba genuine autonomy, a measure of home rule which, while preserving the sovereignty of Spain, would satisfy all rational requirements of her Spanish subjects, there should be no just reason why the pacification of the island might not be effected on that basis. Such a result would appear to be in the true interest of all concerned. It would at once stop the conflict which is now consuming the resources of the island and making it worthless for whichever party may ultimately prevail. It would keep intact the possessions of Spain without touching her honor, which will be consulted rather than impugned by the adequate redress of admitted grievances. It would put the prosperity of the island and the fortunes of its inhabitants within their own control without severing the natural and ancient ties which bind them to to the mother country, and would yet enable them to test their capacity for self-government under the most favorable conditions."

The kind of autonomy Cleveland would have Cuba accept, reminds us of the Home Rule O'Connell desired for Ireland, which always provided for the "golden link of the crown." But the people of Cuba have fought for two years, and shed their blood without stint to prove that they do not desire any such autonomy as Cleveland would give them. On the contrary, they desire complete independence, such as we enjoy, and they are using the same means our fathers used to attain the same object.

How careful the President is to "preserve the sovereignty of Spain, and to keep intact the possessions of Spain without touching her honor." We suppose that if Cleveland had lived during our revolutionary era, he would have been equally anxious to "keep intact the possessions of England without touching her honor." Fortunately for us the men of that heroic age were animated by a very different spirit. While Washington's half fed, half clad army lay in the squalid camp of Valley Forge, propositions of peace and favorable terms were submitted to America by the British. But even in their dire extremity the brave people refused to even listen to them. When the acts of parliament were presented to Washington, he at once wrote to Congress as follows: "Nothing short of independence will do, it appears to me. A peace on any other terms would, if I may be allowed the expression, be a peace of war. Were we easily to accede to terms of dependence, no nation, upon future occasion, let the oppressions of Britain be ever so flagrant and unjust, would interfere for our relief." And the British terms were indignantly rejected. At that opportune moment the treaty with France was signed amid great rejoicings; the future looked brighter, although five long and bloody years lay between America and her independence. Thus far Spain has offered no terms to Cuba, and it seems as if Cleveland's proposition will be considered offensive to both parties. But here is another gush of words, which will give small comfort to the Cubans:

"When the inability of Spain to deal successfully with the insurrection has become manifest, and it is demonstrated that her sovereignty is extinct in Cuba for all purposes of its rightful existence, and when a hopeless struggle for its re-establishment has degenerated into a strife which means nothing more than the useless sacrifice of human life, and the utter destruction of the very subject matter of the conflict, a situation will be presented in which our obligations to the sovereignty of Spain will be superceded by higher obligations, which we can hardly hesitate to recognize and discharge."

That is to say when Spanish sovereignty is extinct; when Cuba has brought her tyrant to her knees; when the modern Atilla, Weyler, has been driven into the last ditch, "then our obligations to the sovereignty of Spain will be superseded by higher obligations, etc., etc., etc." What fustian this is. When Spanish sovereignty is extinct, what will Cuba care what becomes of our "higher obligations?" She will then be independent in spite of all that Cleveland can do to prevent it. The fact is that he is a born aristocrat, who neither as governor nor president has ever shown sympathy with our own hard working people, how then could he be expected to sympathize with others? With cool insolence he has set aside the almost unanimous desire of Congress for Cuban independence, and believes his own stubborn will is superior to the wisdom of the Nation. But March 4 will retire him forever from public life.

CHRISTMAS PRAYERS IN THE IRISH TONGUE.

THE CITIZEN has great pleasure in presenting, editorially, to its readers this week the invocation of the Blessed Trinity, the Lord's Prayer, Hail Mary and Holy Mary, and the Glory be to the Father in the ancient language of Ireland, commonly called the Gaelic tongue. Every person who may read it will read the divine orisons as they were first given to the Irish people, then druidical pagans, by the glorious apostle St. Patrick, fifteen hundred years ago! St. Columbkille, St. Lorcan O'Tuhill, Bishop Heber MacMahon, Bishop McEgan, the noble martyr of Ross, Archbishop Plunkett and the illustrious Lion of the Fold of Judah, John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, prayed and preached in this ancient tongue—venerable as the everlasting hills and melodious as the rippling flood of some rushing Irish river.

In this grand tongue, Art McMurrough thundered his defiance to Richard II, and then drove him from Irish soil to captivity and death. In it, Silken Thomas, the chivalrous Geraldine, gave the signal to rise against Henry VIII. In it the great Earl of Desmond uttered his last prayer to the living God, as he died beneath the steel of Elizabeth's assassins hard by Castle Island in Kerry.

Hugh O'Neill used it in firing the clans of Tyrone and their allies to the pitch of heroism which made him victor in succession over the best generals and armies of England. To the war shout of O'Donell Aboo, Red Hugh O'Donnell, sword in hand, led his fiery followers, the matchless clansmen of Clan-Conal, to the victory of the Curlew Pass and the storming of Ballyshannon. In the Gaelic speech, also, the army of glorious Owen Roe O'Neill returned thanks to heaven for the victory of Benburb, and in it rang out, like a wail from the hearts of heroes, in the despairing cry of Irish valor when treason wrested triumph from bravery on the ill-fated slopes of Aughrim.

The breach of Limerick, the streets of Cremona, the walls of Namur, the field of Fontenoy and the hills of Wexford have known the thrilling accents of that tongue in the days of Ireland's martial glory, when her brave exiles sat as comrades at the tables of kings, princes and renowned warriors, and when her gallant sons at home still knew how to repay English insult and oppression with blow for blow.

In spite of every attempt made to destroy it by open enemies and perfidious friends, the Gaelic tongues still lives, and we hope thousands of our readers will pray to the God of Freedom in that language on Christmas morning.

AN CHROICH CHEUSTA.
(The sign of the Cross.)

I n-ainm an Athar, agus an Mhic, agus an Spioraid Naoimh, Amén.

URNUIGHE AN TIGHEARNA.
(The Lord's Prayer.)

Ar n-Athair atá ar neamh, Go naomhthar d'ainm. Go d-tigidh do rigbeacht. Go n-déantar do thoil ar an talamh mar gnídhthear ar neamh. Ar n-arán laethamhail tabhair dhúinn andiu. Agus maith dhúinn ár bh-fiachaibh mar mhaitheamaoidne d'ár bh-fiachaibhnaibh féin. Agus ná léig sinn i g-cathughadh. Acht saor sinn ó olc. Amén.

FAILTE AN AINGIL.
(The Angelical Salutation.)

Dia do bheatha, a Mhuire, lán de ghrás. Tá an Tighearna maille leat. Is beannuighthe thú eidir mhnáibh. Agus is beannuighthe toradh do bhroinn, Iosa.

A naoimh Mhuire, a Mháthair Dé, guidh orrainne, na peacaidh, anois agus ar uair ár m-béis. Amén.

GLOIR DO'N ATHAIR, ETC.
(Glory be to the Father, etc.)

Glóir do'n Athair, agus do'n Mhac, agus do'n Spiorad Naoimh. Mar bhi ar tús, mar tá anois, agus mar bhéidheas go bráth le saoghal na saoghal. Amén.

SENATOR CULLOM LIBERTY'S FRIEND

On the 10th of December, in the Senate, Senator Cullom offered the following resolution:

"The extinction of Spanish title and the termination of Spanish control of the islands at the gateway of the Gulf of Mexico are necessary to the welfare of those islands and to the people of the United States."

This is plain language, there is neither duplicity nor diplomatic word shuffling. The venerable, but still vigorous, senator is not skilled in the art which uses language to conceal ideas; on the contrary, he belongs to that splendid class of Western statesmen who are ever ready to defend the right or denounce a wrong wherever either may be found—it matters not whether the wrongdoer wears a British or a Spanish crown. There can be no doubt that the senator's resolution voices the sentiments of a large majority of the American people, whose sympathies are all on the side of the gallant Cubans in their desperate struggle for liberty. Has it ever occurred to our readers to examine the position which Cuba holds with reference to ourselves? As Mr. Cullom's resolution says, Cuba, and the smaller islands which lie contiguous thereto, are "right at the gateway of the Gulf of Mexico." Its south-western extremity lies almost equally distant between the keys of Florida and Cape Catoche in Yucatan, being about 100 miles distant from the former and 125 miles distant from the latter. Right opposite the Keys, stands the powerful fortress of Moro castle which defends the fine harbor of Havana, within whose capacious limits a large fleet can ride at anchor, ready to sally out and intercept either public or private vessels, and retreat if need be under the safe shelter of the friendly arms of the Moro.

With Cuba in the hands of the English it can easily be seen the perils which an American fleet would encounter in those narrow seas. Suppose a reverse to our flag. In front the British fleet, on the larboard side the Moro castle, on the starboard side the dangerous keys and reefs of Florida, and in the rear the narrow tortuous channels of the Bahamas, all well fortified and in the hands of the enemy. As was well explained many years ago by the Hon. Edward Everett, in the hands of any strong power, England for instance, Cuba could easily block the Mississippi and paralyze the commerce of every state on the great river from Louisiana to Minnesota. The bare possibility of such a contingency is intolerable, and should not be borne for a moment. But that is not all. Cuba stretches away off almost to Hayti, and commands the seaward front of the Caribean Sea, including the Nicaragua canal, which will soon be constructed by American skill and capital. Between Santa Rosa in Cuba and the projected Panama canal lies Jamaica, with its great fortress of Kingston. Thus we can be shut out from both of the interoceanic canals by our own imbecility, or by a safe and manly policy at present we can discount the danger and assume the commanding position we are justly entitled to in the Antilles.

It is full time that we began to look to the dangers that threaten us from the islands which line our Atlantic coast. Their possession by European powers is unnatural, and can be but temporary at the best. Often they have passed by treaty from one nation to another, but such transfers must be made impossible in future by a rigid enforcement of the Monroe doctrine, and we must be prepared to take advantage of all European difficulties and turn them to our own advantage.

The Cuban war presents the first, and by all odds, the most important opportunity for acquiring a strong foothold in the West Indies, and as Senator Cullom says in his speech on the introduction of the above resolution: "Means must be found to settle the Cuban question speedily, and if other means fail, we may consider the propriety of a fair purchase of Cuba."

The acquirement of Cuba on the East and Hawaii on the West would strengthen us greatly, because it would remove the possibility of either falling into the power of England, whose robber hands are always ready to seize any chance to extend her detested rule. Our present policy must be, "Cuba either free or American." In the meantime petitions ought to pour into the Senate in favor of Cuban independence.

THE Times-Herald says that England wouldn't treat her rebels as Spain treats the Cubans. Oh, H. H., what a whopper! Just please to remember '98 and '67 in Ireland, and '58 in India. Spain has not yet pitchcapped the Cubans or blown them from mouths of cannon. Oh, H. H., you really must read up on recent English history.

THE Record suggests that a public subscription be taken up to present Bayard with a pair of ear muffs on his return from England. We second the motion. Anything to put those ears out of sight.

WE are surprised to find our friend, Elwyn A. Barron, of the Times-Herald, whitewashing Blathering Bayard. Oh, that d—d English atmosphere! Come home, Elwyn—come home before you are forever lost to us.

WHY is America generally represented in moments of emergency by executives who make the people blush for having placed them in power? Had VanBuren been half a man, Canada would have been free or annexed to us in 1837. Were Cleveland—but, as Andy Johnson would have said, "Where's the good of wasting powder on dead ducks?"

CLEVELAND is fully prepared to extend belligerent rights to Cuba as soon as she drives the Spaniards into the sea.

BOUCICAULT'S famous Irish drama, "Arrah-na-Pogue," will be produced by St. Anne's Dramatic club, at Marlowe theatre, Englewood, Jan. 23. The club is under the directorship of Mr. P. J. Reynolds, and the following gentlemen comprise the business staff: J. P. O'Connor, Wm. Oakes, E. A. McGrady and J. W. Reynolds. The proceeds will be donated to the poor of St. Anne's parish.

ELEANOR KIRK, our long-time correspondent, bids us say to her large circle of friends, that sample copies of her own paper, "Eleanor Kirk's Idea," will be mailed to all who send in their names; also, that this journal deals largely with the subjects in which they are vitally interested, namely, the attainment of understanding, health, happiness and plenty. Address 696 Green avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SENATOR CULLOM'S gallant stand in favor of Cuba, will endear him more and more to his admiring countrymen.

As Cleveland will soon be out of a job, the King of Spain should send him to re-inforce Weyler. He would certainly add some weight to the Spanish cause.

DR. ZERTUCHA'S name will be forever pilloried between those of Benedict Arnold and Dr. LeCaron.

COLUMBIA to Grover, "Oh, Cleveland, what crimes are committed in the name of neutrality."

THE death is announced at her home in Lake View, of Mrs. John D. Murphy, nee O'Byrne, wife of Maj. Murphy, late of the 90th Illinois Volunteers and ex-battalion commander of the Second Illinois Infantry. Mrs. Murphy belonged to one of the oldest and most respected families of the North Division. Her husband has been prominent in public life since his boyhood and is universally esteemed. He has the sincerest sympathy of his multitude of friends in the bitter hour of his affliction, for he is, indeed, sorely stricken in the irreparable loss of the light of his household. THE CITIZEN offers Maj. Murphy its respectful condolence.

WHILE Cleveland is shooting ducks, Weyler is shooting the Cubans.

SENATOR CULLOM is a genuine friend in need.

APPROPRIATE motto to place over Kaiser Young's office at The Fair: "The weekly newspapers be d—d!"

DID you observe the lions in Seagull & Copper's show windows? Well, they represent the "department stores." No small game can flourish where they exist. It is rumored that the beasts are descended from those that Daniel once bearded in their den.

THE late Gen. Antonio Maceo was the Cuban Hannibal. Like the great Carthaginian hero, he had the hot blood of Africa in his veins. The heroism and genius of Maceo have shed lustre on the negro race the world around.

IT gives us genuine pleasure to announce that the Hon. Martin J. Russell, Collector of Customs, has returned to his post of duty entirely restored to his usual vigorous health.

MR. JOHN E. REDMOND'S LECTURE.

Mr. John E. Redmond, M. P., as will be seen in the advertising columns, is to lecture in Central Music hall, on the evening of Dec. 29, on the subject of "Fifteen Years in the British parliament." Mr. Redmond is an orator of international reputation, not second in fact, as a public speaker and debater, to any member of the present English house of commons. He comes here non-partisanly, as a public lecturer, and will deal with his subject, so his manager claims, in a thoroughly independent manner. He is under the management of Mr. Wight Neumann, the same gentleman who introduced to intellectual Chicago audiences, Conan Doyle, Dean Hole, of England, and Ian McLaren. Mr. Redmond is now lecturing in the New England and Middle states and is meeting with much success. His audiences in this country would, no doubt, be much larger if thousands of Irish-Americans were not afraid that their attendance at his lectures might be construed into an indorsement of faction in Ireland. This, Mr. Neumann claims, is a gross injustice to Mr. Redmond, who, he contends, ought to be treated from the non-partisan standpoint as an eloquent public lecturer, and a man of genius. "If," said Mr. Neumann, to the representative of THE CITIZEN, "the Irish people of Chicago fail to give Mr. Redmond a decent reception, simply as an Irishman of distinction, and respectability, I will never bring another Irish person of note to this city." This threat may have its effect, but it is a matter of regret that it should be considered necessary.

HYMENEAL.

SHERIDAN—HODNETT.

The wedding of Mr. S. Brinsley Sheridan, of London, and Miss Helen May Hodnett, of New York, was celebrated yesterday in the Archiepiscopal residence, the Archbishop officiating, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Pope Hodnett, of Chicago, a cousin of the bride, and the Rev. Michael J. O'Ferral, of New York.

The bride is a niece of Mr. John E. Fitz Gerald, of No. 328 West Seventy-second street, a well known New York lawyer. She is an Australian by birth, but has lived with her uncle for the last seven years. Mr. Sheridan is the son of Henry Brinsley Sheridan, who for twenty-nine years was member of Parliament for Dudley. Mr. Sheridan is a barrister and is one of the largest stockholders in the London Financial Post. He met his bride in Paris last summer.
—New York Herald, Dec. 11.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of THE CITIZEN Company will be held at No. 69 Dearborn street, Room 46, Chicago, Ill., on the 16th day of January, 1897, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the election of officers, reorganization of the company and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Dated Chicago, Dec. 16, 1896.

B. CURTIS, President.
Attest—JOHN F. FINERTY, Secretary.

JOHN E. REDMOND, M.P.

The Most Brilliant Orator in the English Parliament and the Favorite Lieutenant of the late CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

ON

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 29, at 8:15.

JUDGE E. F. DUNNE

Will Introduce this Famous Irish Statesman to the Audience. Subjects:

"FIFTEEN YEARS IN THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT."

"IRISH BALLAD POETRY."

"IRISH WIT AND HUMOR."

Seats Now on Sale at Box Office.

Prices 50c, 75c & $1,

RESERVED SEATS INCLUDED

F. WIGHT NEUMANN, Manager.

Subjects Strictly Non-Political, Non-Controversial.

DR. A. F. CONROY,

DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,

ROOM 20.

Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.30
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00

Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

WILLIAM A. CUNNEA,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR,

59 DEARBORN-ST., SUITE 311,

(Real Estate Board Building).

CHICAGO.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1862.

Dr. J. B. Walker.

OCULIST AND AURIST,

Residence, 247 Park Ave. Office, 78 State st.

Room 40, 11 to 4; Sunday, 12 to 2.

CHICAGO.

JOHN A. MAHONEY,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

SUITE 616, 618 & 620 REAPER BLOCK,

N. E. Cor. Washington & Clark Sts.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4224. CHICAGO.

JOHN J. KINNANE, ATTORNEY, 59 DEARBORN-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. December Term, A. D. 1896. Frank W. Wilcox vs. Sophia A. Wilcox. In Chancery, No. 179,474.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sophia A. Wilcox that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. LINN, Clerk.

John J. Kinnane, Compl'ts Sol'r.

CALIFORNIA

IN 3 Days VIA THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

FAST TRAINS equipped with Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleeping Cars THROUGH WITHOUT CHANGE Dining Cars and Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars Leave Chicago EVERY DAY.

CITY TICKET OFFICE 208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY

WANTED

Agent to sell the Memorial of the NEW MOVEMENT CONVENTION, containing biographical sketches and portraits of over 100 illustrious and representative Irish Nationalists. Introduction by John F. Finerty. Send $1.50 for outfit and go to work at once. Address,

M. F. FANNING,
269 Dearborn-st., Chicago.

The Irish Language.

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

15 Days in Yellowstone Park.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company desires to call attention to a very completely arranged tour through the Wonderland of America, under the management of the well-known tourist manager, Mr. J. J. Grafton. The party will leave Chicago on Tuesday evening, July 21, by electric-lighted train, with dining-car, to be absent three weeks. The petrified forest and many other attractive features of the park will be included in the itinerary, that the traveler, going through the ordinary way, does not see. A party will also leave Chicago for Alaska via Yellowstone Park, the same date.

For full particulars, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

C. D. PEACOCK

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DR. KEAN,

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

157 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

McCALLUM & FLANAGAN, ATTORNEYS, 611 ASHLAND BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COOK COUNTY—ss. In the County Court of Cook County. All parties interested are hereby notified that on the 8th day of December, A. D. 1896, William Bradley and J. B. Wilming, of Evanston, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, by their deed of assignment of that date duly recorded in the office of the County Clerk of said county, assigned and transferred to me as Assignee all their property, real and personal, for the benefit of their creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning voluntary assignments. You are further notified and requested to present your claims, if any you may have against the said William Bradley and J. B. Wilming, under oath or affirmation to me at my office, Room 34, 90 LaSalle-st., City of Chicago, in said county, within three months from this date.

HENRY D. BAKER, Assignee.

Chicago, Dec. 9, 1896.
McCallum & Flanagan, Attorneys.

JOLLY SANTA CLAUS.

PATRON SAINT OF CHILDREN IN MANY LANDS.

Different Names by Which He Is Known in Various Countries—In Austria He Has a Servant Who Helps Carry the Bundles. Naughty Children Punished.

St. Nicholas is one of the patron saints of Russia, and so at Christmas time he is a very special favorite. But Easter is the great feast, and the Christmas gifts are not so handsome as the Easter presents.

He is known as Santa Claus in Holland.

He is Samiklaus in Switzerland.

In Helgoland the children call him Sonner Klas.

In the Tyrol he is the Holy Man. St. Lucy and the Christ Child go with him.

In lower Austria his name is Niklo, or Niglo, and his masked servant, who helps to carry the bundles, is Krampus.

In the Vorarlberg he is Zemmiklas, and he puts all naughty children into his bag and carries them off.

In Belgium the children polish their shoes and fill them with hay, oats and carrots for the saint's white horse. Then they place them in the fireplace or in a corner of the room, one of the saint's favorite hiding places. The door is carefully locked and next morning everything is found topsy turvy. The chairs and table have been turned about, the horse has eaten up the hay and left instead sweetmeats and toys for the good children and rods for the bad ones. But there are very seldom any bad ones at Christmas.

In the Netherlands the children write to him and sing to him to let fall from the chimney top something into their white aprons. As they sing they keep time, swinging the aprons back and forth:

Sunder Klaas du gode Bloot!
Breng' mi Noot un Zuckerbrod,
Nicht to veel un nich to minn,
Smiet in mine Schorten in!

In Bohemia and Styria there are Christ plays in every village during Advent. St. Nicholas, dressed in a long cloak, has a golden miter on his head and a bishop's staff in his hand. He reads his report of how the school children have behaved. Those who play truant, loiter on their way, forget their lessons, soil and tear their books or forget their prayers are to be beaten with his rod. Then comes the Christ Child and says: "Good Nicholas, be patient! Spare the little ones! Spare the young blood! Forgive them this time, good Nicholas!" And St. Nicholas forgives them because it is Christ's birthday.

In Carniola the good bishop dresses in a sheet and wears a pillow case on his head instead of a miter. Then he comes to see the children in their dreams, and asks them if they always say their prayers. Then he leaves fruit for the good ones and rods for the forgetful out of the big basket he carries on his arm.

In Alsace the Christ Child himself comes, dressed as a maiden, in white, to bring the good children sweetmeats. With a silver bell in her hand and lighted tapers as a crown on her head she fills the tiny wooden shoes from her basket.

Then she disappears out at the window where she came in, and her bell is heard tinkling as she enters the next house.

In Suabia the Christ Child carries a bell and an earthen pot full of gifts.

In Hanover, Mecklenburg and Holstein the Christmas fairy is Clas.

In Poland the heavens are opened and Jacob's ladder is let down for the angels to come down with gifts for good children.

In some parts of Austria candles are placed in the windows to let the Christ Child see the way.

Near Cologne the country children go round with cowbells in honor of the manger of Bethlehem.

Three boys, dressed in white, with leather girdles and crowns of colored paper, march about and personate the three kings of Cologne, who were said to be the three wise men.

The first child left at the gates of the Foundling hospital at Lyons on Christmas eve is laid in a handsome cradle and dressed in pretty clothes.

Bonhomme Noel brings the French children sweets for their shoes.

Children in Lorraine must not sit in the chimney corner on Christmas eve because they intercept the draft.

In the country villages near Stuttgart and Tubingen the children on the three Thursdays before Christmas shoot peas and lentils through a pipe at every window. This custom is said to date from the time when the plague raged and country friends came into town to see if their relatives were still alive. They threw handfuls of peas at the house, and the inmates appeared, if able to do so, and gave them a kindly salute.

In the Black Forest the Christ Child announces his arrival at the door by ringing his silver bell. Then the door is partially opened, and the gifts are thrown in. Sometimes a rod or a handful of peas is added for the naughty folk. The rod is for punishment, and the peas are for penance.

In northern Germany lights are placed in the windows and food on the tables, so that the Holy Mother and the angels who pass when every one is asleep may find food.

Saturn's temples were hung with flowers and wreaths of greens, tapers burned everywhere, feasting and dancing were in every home, gifts were freely exchanged, and all these customs were observed by Christians, but with a newer, deeper zeal for the dear Christ Child.

The Christmas tree, born in Germany, has taken root in every land where the Christ Child is known and loved.

American children have chosen the best of all the Christmas customs of the old world. Santa Claus comes from Holland; the stocking is French or Belgian; the "Merry Christmas" is English, as is also the mistletoe; the holly is Norwegian, and the happy, happy whole is American.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Christmas Tree Ornaments.

Strings of silver and gilt balls and balls of raw cotton make pretty and effective decorations. Shreds of raw cotton may also be sprinkled over the tree. This does very nicely to represent snow. English walnuts, either natural or gilded, may be tied with ribbon and added to the other materials. You cannot have too much. Quantity rather than quality makes a tree beautiful. A dozen or more dolls, made of bright colored tissue paper, should be added if there are any little girls in the house. Candy canes and sugar animals of every conceivable kind are always appreciated by the youngsters.

Antiquity of the Christmas Tree.

In Germany Christmas trees have been known ever since the introduction of Christianity. Before that time the dressing of a tree with candles and presents was a feature of the midwinter Druidical festival, so that in fact the German Christmas tree dates back to an era before the dawn of written history.—Exchange.

A CHRISTMAS PRELUDE.

BY "SELSKER."

The seer-prince, the prophet-child,
Who dwelt in Sennaar undefiled,
Proclaim'd with fire-anointed lips,
The elder law's apocalypse;
Told of earth's powers, their rise and fall,
Messiah's birth, and death, and all;
How, prone by Tigris' shore he saw
A vision fill'd with scenes of awe:
All heaven's designs in earthly things,
The fate of kingdoms and of kings;
The Egyptian's, Persian's, Grecian's fate.
But, saddest sight! saw Zion's state:
The second temple overthrown
From pinnacle to corner-stone;
Th' eternal sacrifice suppress'd
By Gentile legions from the west;
Dense darkness in all Judah's skies
Till Michael, Israel's prince, arise,
And He, the Saint of saints, descend
On earth, captivity to end.
Round roll'd the times, and Asia knew
What Daniel saw: then Rome outgrew
All other bounds. War's last wild roar
Lay hush'd on Cantabria's shore:
The idol of the two-fold face
Look'd on his temple's empty space;
From the far frontier of the Medes,
To where Day stalls his weary steeds,
All earth adored, at Cæsar's nod,
Or frantic cried, "A god! a god!"

Then when the day had come, and hour,
Augustus loosed the word of power,
And kings and consuls, east and west,
Echoed their sovereign lord's behest:
"Number the nations who obey,
Throughout the world, the Roman sway!"
Then throng'd to tryst the human tide,
Kindred to kin, from every side;
O'er seas and Alps lost exiles came,
Rivers reversed, their source to claim;
Ganges to Gades, floods of men
Throng'd street, and bridge, and foot-mark'd glen;
The very desert seem'd to be
Peopled by Cæsar's dread decree:
"Number the nations who obey,
Throughout the world, the Roman sway!"

Lo! from their Galilean home
Where two of Cæsar's subjects come!
Like tender sire and daughter, they
Hold reverent converse on their way;
A-foot and simply clad, yet grace
Abundant shines in either face;
He, Neli's son, a thoughtful man,
Whom every sign speaks artisan;
She, fairest of all Israel's fair,
With godlike goodness in her air,
Conscious of royal David's blood,
And of her holy motherhood,
Turns to her guide with filial ear,
... pleased his reverent speech to hear.

December's breath falls keen and chill
On Jacob's well from Ebal's hill;
The wintry scene looks pale and dim
On Sichem from Mount Gerazim,
Where, pacing slowly, from the north,
A mother near her baby's birth,
Through scenes Samarian, bleak and wild,
Borne, and not bow'd, by such a child!
For thou *Ephrata* art to be
The Man-God's destined nursery!
For thee alone the star shall rise,
For thee alone the morning skies
Shall brighten with the angel's song;
For thee the angel aided seers
By Ader's tower shall calm their fears,
And ravish'd by the heavenly strain
Shall seek their Lord beyond the plain!
For thee alone the magi bring
From the far East their offering!
For thee alone shall Herod quiver,
Ephrata! blest be thou for ever!

Draw we the veil; this mystery
Is all too bright for mortal eye;
How shall it, then, be fitly sung
In earthly strains, by mortal tongue!
In heaven above, by His own choir,
Where shines the strong Divine desire,
Can worthily be raised the psalm
That hall'd on earth the dread I AM!

*Janus—the god of peace among the ancient Romans.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4, 1896.—Mr. Theo. B. Thiele. Dear Sir: I have this morning received from your High Treasurer, through Mr. James Burke, treasurer of Annunciation Court No. 28, $1,000 in payment of my deceased husband's endowment certificate No. 2,959, who died on the evening of Nov. 28, 1896. I feel sincerely thankful to the Order for its prompt action, and cheerfully recommend it to all Catholics desiring like protection, as a reliable and speedy way to obtain same. Respectfully,

MARY CONNELL AND FAMILY.

The original of the above note of thanks is on file in the office of the High Court of the Catholic Order of Foresters. I does not, indeed, frequently happen that a fraternal insurance society, Catholic or otherwise, is in position to pay a claim within less than ten days after the death of a member, and the remarkable record made by the Catholic Order of Foresters is for that reason worthy of note. It indicates that for such Catholics as desire protection in an organization of this kind the Catholic Order of Foresters is the organization which should be well considered.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

GOLDEN MISTLETOE.

THE WONDERFUL TREE IN A BEAUTIFUL GROVE.

Legends of the Gloomy Vale and Death of Balder the Beautiful—Ancients Believed That Trees Could Feel Pain—Roman and Greek Mythology.

Und grun des Lebens goldner Baum.
—Faust.

The sacred books of the Buddhists prove that in the early days of their religion a question which deeply agitated the minds of the learned was whether or not the trees had souls, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger. The controversy raged strongly, for the belief was widespread that in injuring or mutilating a tree proportionate pain was inflicted on its spirit's nature.

The same idea creeps out again and again in Greek and Roman mythology, and the folklore of every country and people in Europe is full of it, and at such seasons as Christmas these primitive customs are actually practiced.

The numerous German and English songs and offerings to the apple trees are still heard and seen on every Christmas. Ovid in his "Metamorphoses" tells the beautiful story of Erisicthon's impious attack on the grove of Ceres and how the Greek dryads and hamadryads had their lives linked to a tree, and as "this withers and dies they themselves fall away and cease to be. Any injury to bough or twig is felt as a wound, and a wholesale hewing down puts an end to them at once. A cry of anguish escapes them when the cruel ax comes near."

It was this established belief that produced such lines as:

Loud through the air resounds the woodman's stroke,
When, lo! a voice breaks from the groaning oak,
Spare, spare my life, a trembling virgin spare!
Oh, listen to the hamadryad's prayer!
No longer let that fearful ax resound,
Preserve the tree to which my life is bound.
See, from the bark my blood in torrents flows.
I faint, I sink, I perish from your blows.

Accepting, then, this prevalent faith in the actual life and soul of the trees, we must pass on to the subjects on hand—the golden bough or mistletoe—the classic gloomy vale and its locality, wherein the legend of Balder the Beautiful and his death by the mistletoe shaft are in touch with the ancient doctrines of tree worship.

It is often stated that Virgil gave this name of the golden bough to the mistletoe, whereas he only compares it with the mistletoe.

In the sixth book of the "Æneid" he tells us how two doves, guiding Æneas to the gloomy vale, in whose depth grew the golden bough, alighted upon a tree "whence shone a flickering gleam of gold. As in the woods in winter cold, the mistletoe—a plant not native to its tree—is green with fresh leaves and twines its yellow berries about the boles. Such seemed upon the shady oak the leafy gold, so rustled in the gentle breeze the golden leaf." Virgil does not say it is the mistletoe, and yet what else? Its identification is perfect.

The poet locates the gloomy vale in the neighborhood of Lake Avernus, but Italian tradition, as recorded by Servius, points to the grove of Nemi, Aricia. Now the story of this Arician grove is embodied in Macaulay's lines:

The still, glassy lake that sleeps
Beneath Aricia's trees—
Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer
And shall himself be slain.

In days of antiquity in this beautiful grove grew a wonderful tree, round which a prowling figure, sword in hand, seemed to be constantly expectant of an attack from some enemy. Yet he was the priest of the grove, and, by the order of his office, he would some day be killed by the claimant who wished to succeed him. To gain his position he had slain his predecessor, and, in course of time, must himself be slain. Such is a brief context of Strabo's version. The branches of the tree might not be broken, except by a runaway slave. This bough gave him the right to challenge the priest, and, if successful, to assume the title of "king of the wood." Tradition tells that this was the bough which Æneas plucked before he journeyed to the lower world.

In the familiar story from Norse mythology of Balder the Beautiful we recall the facts that he first dreamed and had great foreboding of evil, yet he belonged neither to earth nor heaven. His fellow gods, anxious to protect him, took an oath from fire, air, earth and water, stones, trees and plants, sicknesses and poison, birds, creeping things and four footed beasts that they should not injure Balder.

Being thus invulnerable, the gods amused themselves by throwing stones and logs at him. Then Loki, the mischief maker, discovered that east of Walhalla grew the mistletoe "that seemed too young and innocent to swear." Pulling it, he placed a branch in blind Hodur's hands, who threw and struck Balder dead. Then his body was placed on his great ship Ringhor, the funeral pyre was lit, his faithful wife, Nanna—whose tears had fallen on the fatal branch and been turned into pearly berries—and his warhorse were burned with him as the ship drifted away toward the northern sky edge.

Now, when we recall that the sacred sacrificial fires were kindled periodically, we can read plainly and clearly the myth of Balder. He was the tree spirit, the beautiful sacred oak which could not be injured or wounded by the axes or weapons of mortals. But the oak must be cut down for the sacred fire, and only in its heart life—the mistletoe—could it be wounded. When it was plucked, the mighty tree tottered and fell.

He Is Coming.

Yes, I thy King, is coming
To end thy woes and wrongs,
To give thee joy for mourning,
To turn thy sighs to songs;

To lift thee from thy sadness,
To set thee on the throne,
Messiah's chosen nation,
His best beloved one.
—Reformed Church Messenger.

CHRISTMAS SONG FOR IRISH EXILES.

BY MARTIN M'DERMOTT.

When round the festive Christmas board
or by the Christmas hearth
That glorious mingled draught is found
—wine, melody and mirth!
When friends long absent tell, low toned,
their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand and eyelids fill,
and lips meet lips once more—
Oh, in that hour 'twere kindly done,
some woman's voice would say—
"Forget not those who're sad tonight—
poor exiles far away!"

Alas, for them! this morning's sun saw
many a moist eye pour
Its gushing love, with longings vain,
the waste Atlantic o'er,
And when he turned his lion eye this
evening from the West
The Indian shores were lined with those
who watched his couched crest—
But not to share his glory then or gladden in his ray
They bent their gaze upon his path—
those exiles far away!

It was, oh! how the heart will cheat!
because they thought beyond
His glowing couch lay that Green Isle
of which their hearts are fond;
And fancy brought old scenes of home
into each swelling eye
And through each breast passed many a
thought that filled it like a sigh;
'Twas then—'twas then, all warm with
love, they knelt them down to pray
For Irish homes and kith and kin—poor
exiles far away!

And then the mother blest the son, the
lover blest the maid,
And then the soldier was a child and
wept the while he prayed,
And then the student's pallid cheek
flushed red as summer rose,
And patriot souls forgot their griefs to
weep for Erin's woes;
And oh! but then warm vows were
breathed, that come what might or
may,
They'd right the suffering isle they
loved—those exiles far away!

And some there were around the board,
like loving brothers met,
The few and fond and joyous hearts
that never can forget!
They pledged—"The girls we left at
home, God bless them!" and they
gave
"The memory of our absent friends the
tender and the brave!"
Then up, erect, with nine times nine—
hip, hip, hip—hurrah!
Drank "Erin slan the gal go bragh,"
those exiles far away.

Then, oh! to hear the sweet old strains
of Irish music rise,
Like gushing memories of home beneath
far, foreign skies—
Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,
The bright Italian myrtle bower or
dark Canadian pine—
Oh, don't those old familiar tunes, now
sad and now so gay—
Speak out your very, very hearts—poor
exiles far away!

But Heavens! how many sleep afar, all
heedless of these strains,
Tired wanderers who sought repose
through Earth's red battle plains!
In strong, fierce headlong fight they fell
—as ships go down in storms—
They fell, and human whirlwinds swept
across their shattered forms!
No shroud, but glory, wrapped them
round, nor prayer, nor tear had
they—
Save the wandering winds and the
heavy clouds—poor exiles far away!

And might the singer claim a sigh he,
too, could tell how tost
Upon the stranger's dreary shore, his
heart's best hopes were lost;
How he, too, pined to hear the tones of
friendship greet his ear,
And pined to walk the riverside to
youthful musing dear,
And pined, with yearning silent love,
among his own to stay—
Alas, it is so sad to be an exile far
away!

Then, oh! when round the Christmas
board, or by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is
found, wine, melody and mirth!
When friends long absent tell, low
toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand and eyelids fill
and lips meet lips once more.
In that bright hour, perhaps—perhaps
some woman's voice would say,
"Think, think on those who weep tonight—poor exiles far away!"

[In America, at least, the "exiles" weep for those left in Ireland in British chains, not for their own fate as citizens of a free and glorious country.]

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to J. A. Gracey, Excursion Manager, C. B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

THE BEAUTIFUL STAR.

The wise men came out of the east,
Following the beautiful star,
And the camels they rode
Were weighed down with their load
Of spices and gold from afar.

They came to Jerusalem's gate,
And a message to Herod dispatched
Saying, "Tell us the news
Of the King of the Jews,
Whose wonderful birth star we've watched."

King Herod sprang up in alarm,
And the seventy summoned at morn,
And demanded of them.
"O King, Bethlehem,"
They replied, "is where Christ shall be born."

So the wise men to Bethlehem came,
Still following the beautiful star,
And they laid at the feet
Of the Christ Child so sweet
Their spices and gold from afar.

Then they rev'rently worshiped him there,
Though a rude manger cradled the boy,
And gave thanks to the Lord
For fulfilling his word,
And returned to their country with joy.

And the low bending heavens rang out,
While the thrilling, seraphic refrain
Filled the earth like a flood—
"Glory be unto God,
And on earth peace, good will unto men!"
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PRINCESS LILITH.

Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews. For we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa.

* * * * * * *

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem and said, Go and search diligently for the young child, and, when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

* * * * * * *

Being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

* * * * * * *

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth.—Matthew ii, 1-16.

The Princess Lilith, daughter of King Herod, mused as she reclined upon a bed of purple, and the negress Noun waved a fan of feathers over her forehead, and the cat Astaroth slept at her feet.

Princess Lilith was 15 years of age. Her eyes were as deep as the water of a cistern, and her mouth was like a cyclamen flower.

She mused of her mother, Queen Miriam, who died when Lilith was still little more than a baby. She did not know that her father had killed her in a fit of jealousy, but she knew that he kept her body in the depths of a secret chamber, embalmed in honey and spices, and that he still wept for her.

She mused upon her father, King Herod, taciturn and always ill. Sometimes he shut himself up in his chamber, and there one could hear him scream aloud. It was cause he thought he saw those wh he had caused to die—his stepbrother, Kostobar; his wife, Miriam; his sons, Aristobulus and Alexander, Lilith's brothers; his stepmother, Alexandra; her son, Antipater; the doctor of law, Bababen-Bouta, and many others. Although Lilith knew nothing of all this, her father always inspired her with great terror.

She mused upon the Messiah looked for by the Jews and of whom she had heard so much from her nurse, Egla, now dead. And, although the Messiah would be king in Herod's place, she said to herself that she would very much like to see him.

Lastly she mused upon little Hozael, the son of her foster sister, Zebonda, who lived in Bethlehem. Hozael was a year old. He laughed merrily and was beginning to talk. Lilith loved him tenderly, and almost every day she ordered her mules to be harnessed into her cedar chariot and went with the negress Noun to visit the little Hozael.

Lilith mused upon all these things, and then it seemed to her that she was very much alone in the world and that without little Hozael she would be very sad.

* * * * * * *

Presently Lilith went into the garden to walk under the great sycamores. There she met old Zabulon, who had been formerly captain of the king's guard. Herod had replaced his Jewish guard by Roman soldiers, but having confidence in old Zabulon he had given him the care of that part of the palace inhabited by Lilith.

Old Zabulon, who had been feeble for many years, sat sunning himself upon a stone bench. His back was so bent with age that his long beard reached to his knees.

Lilith said to him, "Thou art sad, old Zabulon."

"Yes, Princess Lilith, because I have learned from a centurion that the king has given orders to kill tomorrow morning at dawn all the children in Bethlehem under two years of age."

"Why?"

"The wise men have announced that the Messiah is born. But it is not known how to recognize him, and the wise men have not returned to tell where they have found him. By killing all the babies in Bethlehem, the king is sure that the Messiah cannot escape him."

"That is true," said Lilith. "That is a clever device." Then after a moment's reflection, "Could I see him?"

"Who?"

"The Messiah."

"In order to see him, one must know where he is. And if we knew where to find him, the king would not be obliged to kill all the other little children of the town."

"That is true," said Lilith. Then she added in a low voice, as if she were afraid of her own words, "My father is very wicked." Then suddenly, "But little Hozael?"

"Little Hozael," said Zabulon, "will die with the others, for the soldiers will search every house."

"But I am very sure that little Hozael is not the Messiah. How could he be the Messiah? He is the son of my foster sister."

"Ask your father to spare him," said Zabulon.

"I dare not," said Lilith. Then she resumed: "I shall go myself with Noun and get little Hozael and hide him in my room. Then he will be very safe, for the king almost never comes there."

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Lilith ordered the mules to be harnessed into her cedar chariot, sped to Bethlehem with Noun, entered the home of her foster sister Zebonda and said: "It is a long time since I have seen Hozael. I should like to carry him to my palace and keep him for a day and a night. The baby is weaned and has no longer need of thy care. I will give him a dress of hyacinth and a collar of pearls." She said nothing to Zebonda of what she had learned from Zabulon, so afraid was she of the king.

But she noticed that Zebonda's face shone with unwonted joy.

"Why art thou so joyous?"

Zebonda hesitated a moment, then replied, "I am joyous, Princess Lilith, because you love my son."

"And thy husband—where is he?"

Again Zebonda hesitated and answered, "He has gone to gather his flocks upon the mountain side."

Noun hid the little Hozael under her long veils, and Lilith and the good negress returned to the palace just as the sun was setting.

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When Lilith reached her chamber, she took Hozael upon her lap, and the baby laughed and tried to pull the little princess' long ear pendants. But suddenly Noun, who was preparing some corn gruel for the child in the next room, rushed in crying: "The king! Here comes the king!"

Lilith had only time to hide Hozael in a large basket and cover him with a pile of silks and bright wools before King Herod entered with a slow, heavy tread, the chains and plates of gold, with which he was covered, shaking with each movement. His back was bent, and his bloodshot eyes glared in his terrible face. His chin shook so with the palsy that his bristly beard seemed to shudder. He said to Lilith, "Whence comest thou?"

She replied, "From Jericho." And she raised toward the king her eyes, as calm as the water of a cistern.

"Oh, how she resembles her!" murmured Herod.

At this moment a little cry came from the basket.

"Will you keep quiet?" said Lilith to the cat Astaroth, who slept on the rug. Then she said to the king: "My father, you seem troubled. Would you like me to sing to you?"

And taking her zither, she sang him a song about roses.

And the king murmured, "Oh, that voice!"

Then he fled, as if struck with fear, because Lilith's voice and eyes recalled to him the voice and eyes of Queen Miriam.

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Lilith went into the garden and found old Zabulon weeping.

"Why dost thou weep, old Zabulon?"

"You know the cause, Princess Lilith. I weep because the king wishes to kill the little child who is the Messiah."

"But," said Lilith, "if he is really the Messiah, men cannot have the power to kill him."

"God wishes us to help him," replied Zabulon. "Princess, you, who are so good and so compassionate, should warn the father and mother of this little child."

"But where shall I find them?"

"Question the people of Bethlehem."

"But ought I to save one who will chase my father from this palace, one by whom I may some day become a poor prisoner or a beggar in the streets?"

"That day is far removed," said Zabulon, "and the Messiah is now only a tiny babe, more helpless even than little Hozael."

"But are you sure that he is the Messiah?" demanded Lilith.

"Yes," said Zabulon, "because he was born in Bethlehem at the time appointed by the prophets and the wise men have seen his star."

"He must be very beautiful, although he is so small. Don't you think so, Zabulon?"

"It is written that he shall be the most beautiful among the children of men."

"I shall go to see him," said Lilith.

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When night came, Lilith enveloped herself in long black veils, and the bracelets and circles of gold upon her arms and ankles, the collars about her neck and the precious stones with which she was covered shone through her veils as softly as the stars in the sky. And thus Lilith resembled the night, whose name she bore, for in Hebrew "Lilith" signifies "the night."

She left the palace secretly with the negress Noun, and as she walked she mused: "I should not want the Messiah to take the crown from my father because it would be very hard for me not to live in a beautiful palace any more and not to have any more soft rugs and pretty dresses and perfumes and jewels. But still I do not want them to kill this little newborn child. So I shall tell my father that I have discovered its hiding place, and as a recompense for this service I shall entreat him to spare the child and keep him in his palace. Thus he cannot harm us, and if he is really the Messiah he will let us share his power."

Lilith found Zebonda and her husband, Methouel, in prayer. Both seemed filled with great joy. Lilith bethought her of a ruse.

"Hozael is very well," said she, "and I shall bring him back to you tomorrow. But since you know where to find the Messiah lead me to him. I am come to adore him."

Methouel was a simple man, little disposed to think ill of others, so he replied: "I will show you the way, Princess Lilith."

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When they reached the spot where the infant lay, Lilith was greatly astonished, for she had expected to see something extraordinary and magnificent without knowing exactly what, and she only saw a hut built against a rock and in this hut an ass, an ox, a man who appeared to be a workman, a woman of the people, beautiful, yes, but pale and delicate and poorly clad. And in the manger, lying upon the straw, was a little child, whom at first glance she thought like any other child. But when she drew nearer she saw its eyes, and in those eyes a look not that of a babe, an infinite sweetness more than human, and she became aware that the stable was only lighted by the light which emanated from him.

She said to the young mother, "What is your name?"

"Miryem."

"And your little boy?"

"Jesus."

"He seems to be very good."

"He moans sometimes, but he never cries."

"Will you let me kiss him?"

"Yes, madam," said Miryem.

Lilith stooped and kissed the child upon the forehead, and Miryem was a little vexed that she did not kneel.

"So," said Lilith, "this little child is the Messiah?"

"You have said it, madam."

"And he will be King of the Jews?"

"It is for that that God has sent him."

"But then he will make war and kill many men, and he will dethrone King Herod or his successor?"

"No," said Miryem, "for his kingdom is not of this world. He will have neither guards nor soldiers. He will have neither palaces nor treasures. He will not inflict taxes upon the people, and he will live like the poorest fisherman on the lake of Genesareth. He will be the servant of the poor and humble. He will heal the sick and comfort the afflicted. He will teach truth and justice. It is over hearts, not bodies, that he will reign. He will suffer to teach us the price of suffering. He will be the King of Love, for he will love all men. And he will teach those who are tormented with a longing which this world cannot satisfy where their poor hearts can find peace and joy. And no doubt he will have a throne."

"Ah, now you see!" said Lilith, still resisting.

"But," resumed Miryem, "the throne will be a cross. He will die upon a cross to expiate the sins of men so that God, his Father, may have pity upon them."

Lilith listened in astonishment. Slowly she turned her head toward the manger. The babe was gazing at her, and, vanquished by the caress of those deep eyes, she murmured, "No one ever told me those things before," and falling upon her knees she adored him.

"I know," said Lilith as she [illegible] "that King Herod will search child to kill him. Take the ass and fly. I will pay its master."

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Following the narrow paths which wound in and out among the round hills the little company soon reached the plain. "Here," said the princess, "I must leave you. I am the Princess Lilith, daughter of King Herod. Remember me."

And as they disappeared in the darkness of the night, Joseph leading the ass upon which sat Miryem holding the infant Jesus in her arms, Lilith followed with her eyes the aureole encircling his divine brow. As the pale, mysterious light disappeared behind a forest of sycamores Lilith heard the tramp of horses' hoofs and the clanking of swords upon the opposite road. It was the squadron of Roman soldiers marching toward Bethlehem.

Every one knows that the Princess Lilith was one of the holy women who followed Jesus on the day of his sacrifice and that little Hozael was one of the first disciples of Christ, the Saviour. —Translated From the French by V. M. in Romance.

Boiled Bull For the Poor.

In May, 1661, George Staverton left a sum of money to purchase a bull, which bull he gave to the poor of Wokingham town and parish. The animal was to be boiled, the hide and the offal to be sold, and the proceeds expended in the purchase of shoes and stockings, to be bestowed upon poor children. Up to the year 1823 a bull was regularly boiled on the 21st of December in the market place of Wokingham. But in that year the corporation of the town determined upon discontinuing such a proceeding, which has since accordingly been omitted. At Christmas, 1885, a mob broke open during the night the place where one of the animals was kept and boiled it, in spite of the magistrate's endeavors to prevent them, and similar attempts have since been made on other occasions.—Boston Herald.

Vipers Lose Their Venom on Christmas.

In Calabria, south Italy, it is believed that vipers will not bite on Christmas day, or that if they do their bite is harmless, the poison being neutralized by the sanctity of the day.

Christmas Sleighing Song.

There's a loving lure in the pine cone's ember
When the white frost etches the window pane;
There's a lingering charm that all remember
In the tender voice and the lifted strain;
But, despite the joys of the dear December—
The carol's glamour, the Yule log's glow—
I'd rather be where the night winds rally
And blow their bugles, a-ho, heigh-ho,
Down the valley a-sleighing with Sally
Over the crispy snow!

Forsooth it's jolly under the holly
When the feet of the dancers trip in time,
And there's never a touch of melancholy
When the fiddle follows the cello's rhyme,
But for all the fun and for all the folly,
And for all the hanging the mistletoe,
I'd rather be where the night winds rally
And blow their bugles, a-ho, heigh-ho,
Down the valley a-sleighing with Sally
Over the crispy snow!

—Clinton Scollard.

CHRISTMAS GREENS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEIR USE IN DECORATION.

Beautiful Effects Produced by the Artistic Arrangement of Cedar, Spruce and Pine. Mountain Ash and Holly Berries—Flowers Do Not Harmonize With Evergreen.

Evergreens are almost wholly depended on as material for Christmas decoration. Whatever else comes into play in the decorative scheme is regarded as accessory. But, while the consideration of that part of the subject which treats of what may properly be called foundation effects is of chiefest importance, the consideration of accessories should not be neglected, for by the use of them we secure variety and can produce effects that could not be brought about if nothing but evergreens was used.

Cedar is used extensively in the manufacture of wreathing for festooning arches and many other parts of a building, but if you want pleasing results do not confine yourself to it to the exclusion of other varieties of evergreen. If you do, you are certain to have too much sameness, and the result will be a very tame effect.

Spruce is valuable where flat work is to be done because of its flat habit of branch formation. Hemlock, for some reason, is seldom used, but it is very beautiful and lends itself to fine effects much better than spruce or cedar. Pine, because of its bolder and more irregular habit, will be found to produce a lighter, airier effect, and it should be used much more extensively than it is at present. Large branches of it are extremely pleasing when used where the strength and dignity which characterize them can be brought out fully. Never attempt to make use of them in places where their natural freedom has to be hampered and restricted. Make them into wreathing, and they will surely disappoint you, because you have tortured them into unnatural shapes, and their individuality, which is one of their charms, is lost. If you have a large surface whose bareness you wish to break up pleasingly, make a sort of panel of it by running a border of greenery around it, and across it dispose as naturally as possible a large branch or a combination of branches of pine. If full of cones, all the better. The effect will be very good if the branches are allowed to retain their natural shapes. If not, the piece will be sure to haunt you for a long time to come, with its mute but powerful accusation of your violation of artistic taste.

Holly is always beautiful for decoration, but because of its scarcity and its expense it is frequently not thought advisable to use much of it. If you have but little, do not weaken the effect by scattering it about here and there, but concentrate it. Confine it to the altar or the chancel. Running pine is very pretty for use about the chancel rail, around the font or as a decoration for chandeliers or the organ. Great, where large branches or heavy festoons would seem out of place.

To brighten the somewhat somber effect of dark evergreen foliage the berries of the mountain ash are extremely useful. Concentrate the color effect given by them as much as possible at each point where used. One large mass of light color, showing against a dark background, is much more pleasing than several small spots of it distributed over a considerable space.

In making wreathing always use a stout, small rope as a foundation. Cord is quite likely to break from the weight of the branches used on it, especially if long festoons are needed. Use stout twine of some dark color or fine wire for fastening the branches in place. In making up wreathing do not allow it to become flat, as it is quite likely to if care is not taken to arrange the branches used about the rope instead of on it.

A very pleasing effect may be secured by the use of pine as an altar or chancel decoration if the branches are dusted over with powdered mica after giving them a sprinkling of glue. They will have the appearance of being covered with particles of hoar frost. This effect is quite easy to produce if the work is carefully done. It is well to experiment a little to ascertain just what consistency the glue should have and how to apply it in order to secure the desired effect. A most charming panel can be made by running a large branch of pine thickly covered with this imitation of frost across a background of rich color. If this branch is full of cones, gild them and you add another touch of brightness to the picture that heightens its charm. If it has no cones of its own, it will be found an easy matter to attach some by wires and give them a natural appearance.

Flowers should never be scattered about among such decorations. They are not in harmony with them. If any are used, let them be confined to the altar. White ones will be found most effective. Lilies are best of all. Neither would I advise the use of palms or other plants of similar character in combination with evergreens. If they are used, keep them by themselves. I am sometimes asked about "designs" for Christmas use—"bells," "stars" and the like. Invariably I discourage any such idea. A "Christmas bell" in evergreens is a burlesque on good taste, and its "tone" is one of discord rather than harmony. A "Christmas star" is more objectionable, because, as generally constructed, it suggests thoughts entirely out of keeping with the time and place.—Eben E. Rexford in Ladies' Home Journal.

Christmas Dinner In Portugal.

Turkeys stuffed with truffles and roasted sucking pig festooned with black puddings and served with sausages and slices of lemon and roast duck, with rice pudding, make the Christmas dinner of this country. The feast is accompanied by bross, a kind of small roll of flour and [illegible] corn, cornmeal, olive oil, salt, sugar, [illegible] oney and aniseed, and cut into the form of lozenges.—Exchange.

OLD CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

Some Ancient English Ways of Making Merry at This Season.

In the olden times Christmastide was essentially the season of sports, and few relics of the olden days are recurred to with more zest by our fathers than the mirthful games and the goodly frolics which were wont to usher in the days of "merrie Christmas." At the present day, while Christmas parties and merrymakings are still formed to render the dark season of December more enlivening and cheerful, yet the sports of Christmas are very different now from what they were 100 years or more ago. True it is that hoodman blind, snapdragon and hunt the slipper still survive to a greater or less extent, but the good old English merrymakings, like the good old English melodies, appear to be banished from our doors, and nothing is left of them but tradition.

Christmas was in its best estate in the days of the good Queen Bess, and it is a pleasant reflection to think what "high jinks" Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and the rest of that right merry crew must have indulged in. Then was the time when the boar's head was brought to the table amid the blare of trumpets and the beating of drums, while the whole company sang pæans in its praise. The brown October ale flowed without stint, the fire blazed and crackled with the Yule log, while the Lord of Misrule, without whom Christmas would be as nothing, put in practice all the arts of which he was the master, when the games lasted for a full month and every one was made happy for a twelvemonth.

Only fancy "the worshipful master Shakespeare" enacting the part of the Lord of Misrule at the court of Elizabeth, while the queen and Leicester and Essex and Southampton and Pembroke and Raleigh and that "ponderous sink of learning," Bacon, and the whole bevy of beauties took part in the revelries. Ah, those were brave times!

What we call Christmas sports now were in England of very ancient origin, and the Druids celebrated during the winter solstice the rites in honor of Thor, one of the Scandinavian deities, and some few of the customs by which the festivities attendant upon Christmas in later days were characterized may be traced to the established ceremonies in honor of that heathen deity. Thus the practice of adorning the house with mistletoe has been derived from the use of that plant in the Druidical ceremonies, and other customs which obtained in England but a few years since are referable to the same origin.—Boston Herald.

CHRISTMAS MENU.

It May Be Indicated by Quotations Rather Than Names of Dishes.

Let the menu cards be two holly leaves, joined at the points on the upper side and arranged to stand up in front of each plate. Paint both outer surfaces the color of the leaves and write the menu inside. This should be indicated by quotations rather than by the names of the dishes themselves. For instance:

"An oyster may be crossed in love."

"Beautiful soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen,
Who to such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening—beautiful soup!"

"Canst thou catch any fishes there?"

"Some wish a pinion, some prefer a leg;
Some for a merry thought, or side bone, beg."

"My more having is a sauce to make me hunger more."

"No man's pie is freed from his ambitious finger."

"How fresh you are and green in this old world!"

"Cheese is indeed a peevish elf,
Digesting all things but itself."

"Coffee, which makes the politician wise."

"Sublime tobacco, which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest."

"I will show myself highly fed."

"All's well that ends well."
—New York Herald.

Austrian Gastronomy.

The gastronomical taste of Austria differs very materially from that of Germany. Fried carp, little sausages, noodles and cakes flavored with pears compose the ordinary menu of the middle class Viennese, but on Christmas day roast turkey, or, in the absence of that, goose, with potatoes, is the simple feast on the Austrian's table. The turkey is dressed with apples and German vermicelli mixed with honey and poppy seeds. Poppy seeds are also baked in the bread and so arranged as to form a cross when the bread is cut. The dessert is of hasty pudding, in which is mixed almonds in addition to the usual cream, sugar and butter. This is then run off into little tarts, which are served individually to the diners.—New York World.

Telling the Bees.

In Devonshire, England, a messenger is sent from the house of the farmer to tell the bees that Christmas day has come, and they are supposed to greet the glad tidings with a joyful hum.

Knecht Rupert.

Santa Claus was introduced into America by the Dutch of Holland. He is the American representative of the German Knecht Rupert.

A Christmas Lyric.

Christmas comin—don't you fret—
Carve dat possum fine!
Gwine ter get ter glory yet—
Carve dat possum fine!

Oh, believers,
See de bright light shine!
De life en drum
Say Christmas come—
So carve dat possum fine!

Christmas comin crost de hill—
Carve dat possum fine!
De cider foam, en de 'lasses spill—
Carve dat possum fine!

Oh, believers,
See de bright light shine!
De life en drum
Say Christmas come—
So carve dat possum fine!
—Atlanta Constitution.

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM.

How the City of Christ's Nativity Observes Its Anniversary.

There are always more or less pomp and display in Bethlehem at Christmas time. Christmas night is a night of watching, and few people go to bed until the gray streaks of dawn are showing in the east. Sweetmeats and hard boiled eggs are the refreshments, and there are bonfires, illuminations and fireworks. There is a procession of many pilgrims, headed by the French consul surrounded by eight guards. On the way they are joined by the sheik of Bethlehem and prominent people of the city. Every one turns out—men, women and children—to see and greet the procession with cheers. There are gorgeous Roman Catholic ceremonials which last until midnight, when a long procession carrying lighted candles goes to the Grotto of the Nativity. There are a cross bearer, monks, churchmen, the bishop of Jerusalem and laymen. The bishop carries in his hands a cradle, containing a waxen image of the infant Christ, all, of course, bedecked with gold embroidery and silken clothing, which he deposits in the marble manger, repeating the words, "And here they laid it in a manger because there was no place for them at the inn." The services frequently last until 2 o'clock.

Many of the people of Bethlehem gain a livelihood by selling to tourists beads, carved mother of pearl shells, small tables, crucifixes, cuff buttons made of olive wood and cards on which are arranged and pressed the flowers of the neighborhood. These are sold in great quantities, as every tourist is anxious to bring away a souvenir of Bethlehem. It was once customary for the visitors to the tomb of Christ to bring away a more lasting memorial of their visit than the woodan or shell ornaments, and this was no more or less than to have crosses, stars and monograms marked upon their bodies with gunpowder.—New York Herald.

ALSATIAN COOKERY.

Stewed Hare With Noodles One of the Traditional Dishes.

Alsace still preserves her traditions of cookery, and every Christmastide the traditional dishes appear on the table—sauerkraut, surrounded by little white sausages and crowned by a piece of smoked bacon; stewed hare, with noodles, and roast goose stuffed with chestnuts.

But the favorite dish is the famous kugelhopf and anisseed bread, which are made after the following fashion:

Four pounds of flour, a pound of fresh butter, a pint of milk, half a pound of raisins, 6 ounces of yeast, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of rum, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt and a few almonds. Heat the milk and the yeast. Mix the yeast with a third of the milk without frothing it, add enough flour to form a ball of light paste that will not stick to the fingers. Let this remain for half an hour until its size is increased by half through fermentation. The proper point can be ascertained by putting the finger into the paste, when it should take its original form. Then put the rest of the milk, with the butter, sugar and rum, into the dish. Place it in an earthern pot and work it till it will no longer stick either to the pot or to the fingers. Then add the 2 eggs and the raisins, working all together, and put it in a hot furnace for an hour.

Kugelhopf is generally eaten cold.—Exchange.

CHRISTMAS IN BRITTANY.

The Aged Women Remembered by the Country Folk at Midnight Mass.

In Britanny, in France, a curious custom in almsgiving is of very old origin. When the country folk go to the midnight mass, the opening mass, of Christmas day, they all carry lanterns to light them on their way. Upon their arrival at the church they give their lanterns over to the poor old women of the parish, who are gathered in a crowd outside the church awaiting them.

The worshipers enter the sacred building and then attend to the devotions, which the church teaches should be of especial fervor at this holy season. But when the mass is ended, and they are dismissed with the benediction, they come forth to find the patient old women awaiting them outside the church bearing the lanterns. The lanterns are given back to their owners, and as each takes his own he exchanges for it a piece of money. The value of the piece varies, but the alms are always considerable, and they stand as an exponent of that charity which the church teaches to its children. The old women go home in happiness, their hearts lightened by the weight of silver that lies above them, but the givers go home yet more happy in the consciousness of welldoing.—Exchange.

The Yuletide Log.

Christmas eve is the time to put the Yule log on the fire. In old times it was the custom to bring it into the house with great ceremony and merriment.

The Yule log was always lighted with the brand of the last year's log, which was carefully preserved for this purpose. The burning of the log had the effect of purifying the house of evil spirits. It must be lighted, therefore, with clean hands.

With the Yule log went the Christmas candles, which were lighted at the same time and placed, wreathed with evergreen, in the most conspicuous portion of the room. In Catholic times the candles were often of three branches, signifying the Trinity.—Exchange.

The Blossoming Thorn Tree.

At Glastonbury, in south England, there is a thorn tree which is believed to blossom on Christmas day, and then again about Easter.

The Kneeling Cattle.

In many parts of Germany it is believed that oxen fall on their knees in the stalls at the moment of Christ's nativity.

THE BEST PASSPORT.

It Is to Always Look Pleasant and Do No Grumbling.

"What is the first duty of a good traveler?" asked a young lady who was about to start from New York on an extended European tour.

"To look pleasant and never to grumble," was the answer of a veteran wanderer who had crossed the ocean 20 times and gone twice around the world.

It was a good prescription and will help to make a good traveler of any novice. The fatigue of the longest journey can be patiently endured if one can only be amiable and avoid the weariness that comes from fretting over what is unavoidable and worrying over trifles.

An American girl not long ago spoiled the pleasure of a party of tourists by complaining of everything on sea and on land. The ship was a dreadful roller, the cabins were badly ventilated, the cooking was abominable, the service was shocking, the officers were uncivil, and the passengers were disagreeable and stupid! Nothing suited her, and she had not a good word for anybody. Every member of the party was indignant over her want of amiability.

"It makes me almost seasick merely to look at her!" exclaimed one of the ladies.

"Perhaps she will cheer up," was the charitable response, "when she reaches port."

But she was as unhappy on land as she had been at sea. She was angry with the customs officers and told them that they had mauled and ruined her best gown. She found fault with the lovely rural scenery between Southampton and London. She pronounced English cooking to be utterly vile. She inveighed bitterly against the weather and the climate. She was not interested in cathedrals, castles, palaces, pictures, colleges, ruins or country roads. She was bored by everything she saw.

One night she received a round robin signed by every other member of the party, expressing regret that she was not enjoying her journey and offering their sympathies in her vexations and discomforts. It was a bold stroke on the part of her friends, who were worn out by her tiresome peevishness. Fortunately it was not unsuccessful. Not another word of complaint was heard from her during the remainder of the tour.

A pleasant, cheerful face and manner that express kindliness and good will make the best passport which a traveler can carry into a foreign country. They insure civility and courtesy from officials, fellow travelers and strangers and are an unfailing resource whenever there is any misadventure.—Youth's Companion.

TWO VIEWS OF PENSIONS.

Not Many Rich In Our Wars, Writes Ex-President Harrison.

"There may be fair differences of opinion as to the extent and conditions of pension relief, but there is no room for doubts as to pensions," writes ex-President Harrison in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Eleven dollars a month for war service implies at least relief in case of wounds or sickness for the soldier and that the public will care for his widow and minor children. When the law of pillage prevailed, it was otherwise, and when our rich men take to fighting our wars we can abolish the pension system, but thus far it is as historically true of the armies that won our independence, delivered us from the Indians and the British and saved the nation in the great civil war as of the kingdom of heaven, 'Not many rich.'

"There are two views of the pension question—one from the Little Round Top at Gettysburg, looking out over a field sown thickly with the dead and around upon bloody, blackened and maimed men cheering the shot torn banner of their country; the other from an office desk on a busy street or from an endowed chair in a university, looking only upon a statistical table."

Wealth of Actors.

The wealth of actors is generally overestimated. Joseph Jefferson, Sol Smith Russell, Joseph Murphy and William Crane are rich men, of whose solid fortunes there is little doubt. But most of them, liked Nat Goodwin and Henry E. Dixey, while they make enormous sums, spend money as if they were possessed of Fortunatus' purse. They seem to go on the principle that governed Sarah Bernhardt, when, at one of her periodic auctions in Paris, she replied to somebody who protested against her prodigality: "I have my capital in me, and it will last as long as I do. When I lose it, I shall no longer be in need of money."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Two Tempting Offers.

One of the down town clothiers has this advertisement, which he has displayed in several newspapers:

"We agree to give all our customers fits."

A patent medicine dealer, who caught sight of the ad. yesterday for the first time, said that he intended to immediately insert another notice beneath it, as follows:

"I will cure those fits cheap as dirt."—Syracuse Post.

True Devotion.

Will—I am tired of this life, and I am going to the other world.

Marie—What! Do you mean that you intend to commit suicide?

Will—No, no. I mean London, Paris and perhaps Vienna.

Marie—I, too, am tired of this life. Take me with you, and let's have a double funeral!—Town Topics.

It is a curious circumstance that the skin of the abdomen of frogs changes its hue on the approach of bad weather, and from the clear white becomes a dirty yellow.

A letter written and mailed in Jiddah, Arabia, will be delivered in New York 21 days later.

JOAN OF ARC.

Her Faith In Her Mission Overcame All Obstacles Before the King.

Her conviction was so strong that it gained the sympathy of the poor about her. To these humble beings, for whom everything is difficulty and impossibility in life, imagination opens a rich field, where all dreams seem credible. They believed the dream of Joan and lent their aid to the accomplishment of her miracle. This help and complicity of the people she was to find everywhere on her road. The king and the nobles accepted her because she served their purpose; the people believed in her and lent her strength. Thus from the first step of her undertaking her situation was clearly outlined, as it was to be to the end—to martyrdom. The poor people gave from their poverty to buy her a horse and vestments of war, and a squire, Jean de Metz, won by the popular enthusiasm, offered to accompany her with a few men. They set out for Chinon, where the court was assembled.

The way was long and beset with danger, but Joan upheld the courage of her companions. "Fear nothing," she said. "The Lord God has chosen my route; my brothers in paradise guide me on the way." And in safety they arrived at Chinon. There new obstacles arose. It was difficult to obtain access to the king, jealously guarded from all outside influence by his favorite, La Tremoille. But, as in a fairy tale, doors were opened, walls fell before her magic, and one evening the young peasant entered the great hall where, among the courtiers, disguised in a modest costume, stood the king, whom she had never seen. Without hesitation she walked straight to the king and, falling on her knees, proffered her request with so much grace and ardor that Charles VII was moved.

But imposture, witchcraft even, was suspected, and before a decision was arrived at learned doctors and ecclesiastics were called on to examine her and scrutinize her conscience. To all the subtleties of her examiners she answered with so much simplicity, so much profundity of good sense, that they were confounded. "There is more in the book of God than in yours," she said, and added, "I know not a from b, but I am sent of the Lord God."—"The National Hero of France," by Maurice Boutet de Mouvel, in Century.

QUEER BULLETS.

Nuggets of Gold and Wooden Slugs Used by Hunters In Emergencies.

When a hunter in the old days lost all his bullets or hadn't any to shoot with, he usually devised substitutes that on occasion served the purpose well. All sorts of things have been fired at game or Indians, as the case might be. Old Hank Ellison, living up in Jefferson county, N. Y., told to his dying day how he was cooped up by Indians out west once with a little lead, lots of powder, a belt full of gold nuggets, a fine rifle and a bullet mold. It was on the top of a knoll where his log cab[illegible] had been built, and he had a barrel of water and a lot of wood for emergencies. The Indians kept just out of range, dashing in once in awhile to draw his fire. He soon used his bullets up and then used the gold. He fired nearly half his fortune at the redskins before they left him.

Many a hunter has used a pebble in the hope of getting a close deadly shot. Jackknives and ramrods have served their time as missiles. Forest and Stream tells about a hunter who had only a single bullet, but lots of powder. The bullet shot the horn of a big buck off, and the buck charged the man, who took to a tree top. He spent half an hour whittling off two inch lengths of branches and putting them into his rifle. Then he rammed them down on the powder and fired at the maddened deer. His partner came along after awhile with a belt full of bullets and, making a run for the tree, gave a bullet to the shooter, who quickly killed the deer.—New York Sun.

Patent Office Profits.

"So far there have been nearly 200 patents issued for horseshoes," observed a blacksmith. "Every one of them was supposed to have merit. A large number of them were supposed to be of value for the reason that they could be put on horses by bands or clasps and thus save time and the expense of horseshoers. Six thousand dollars, therefore, has been paid into the patent office by inventors of horseshoes.

"Not one of these inventions was ever used, and today, as during the past, horses are shod. The only shoe that can be put on a horse must be nailed on by a blacksmith. There is no royal road to wealth, and there is no way to shoe a horse except to nail on the shoe. This $6,000 is but a small part of the money paid out in connection with patented horseshoes."—Washington Star.

Sardou's Hobby.

Sardou's hobby is building himself houses. In this way he delights in spending his wealth. On Mount Boron, on the outskirts of Nice, stands a huge erection of stone, dwarfing the surrounding villas, which is merely the foundation of a palatial residence which the eminent dramatist commenced, and after an expenditure of some $200,000 was prevented from completing on the ground that the structure would interfere with the outlook of the fort perched on the hill behind.

Expert Opinion.

The white gull, circling high in the air over the sand dunes along the lonely shore of the lake, looked with pitying contempt at the wreck of the flying machine far below.

"In my opinion," said the bird, "no inventor will ever hatch a real flying machine out of his head. The human skull is too thick."—Chicago Tribune.

In no European country have so many illustrious English dead been buried as in Italy.

WINGED SEEDS.

The Wind Plays an Important Part In the Spreading of Plants.

The usual way for seeds to be carried is by the wind. Sometimes they are so small and light as to be easily wafted by the breezes. This is the case with the seed of the moccasin flowers and meadow pinks and the other beautiful plants of our woods and bogs called orchids. And the tiny bodies, like atoms of dust, termed "spores," that answer to seed in ferns and mosses and toadstools, are borne away by the lightest breath of air. But most seeds are themselves too heavy for this. So they are ofttimes provided with thin, broad wings that carry them before the wind as a sail carries a boat. The pairs of "keys" that hang in clusters from the maple trees in spring are such winged fruits. When ripe, they float slowly to the ground, or if a high wind is blowing they are carried farther from the tree. The ash has thick bunches of winged fruits much like these, but single. The elm has a thin, papery border all around its small seeds, which makes them quite conspicuous as they hang on the branchlets before the leaves have come out.

Numbers of plants have about the seeds delicate hairs or bristles that take the place of wings. A dandelion "clock," or a head of thistle down, is a bunch of seeds, each with a circle of fine bristles on the summit. When the seeds are ripe, along comes a breeze, and, puff, away go the seeds, hanging from their tufts of bristles as the basket hangs from a balloon. The bunches of long silky hairs that come from a bursting pod of milkweed and fill the air around have each their precious cargo in the shape of a small brown seed. The seeds that ripen in heads on the clematis after the handsome purple flower leaves have fallen have long feathered tails, like slender bird plumes, that do the same work that is given to the silk of milkweed. The "cotton" around the seeds of the willows at the riverside and of the poplars along city streets serves the same useful purpose. Cotton itself is only a bunch of fine white hair around the seed. Ages before men thought of spinning it and weaving it into cloth it was making itself useful to the cotton plant by helping to scatter its seeds. — "How Plants Spread," by Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

NOT GOOD EVIDENCE.

It Is an Easy Matter to Change Photographic Pictures.

Photographic copies of an original, it is claimed, are not acceptable as proof before a court, inasmuch as the photographs may easily be changed to suit the wish. Expert picture makers can take a photograph, and by various processes secure a composite containing several features desired that did not exist in the original.

A celebrated photographer of this city declared that it is an easy matter to change photographs. Pictures can be [illegible] with the head of another, or it is possible to insert certain features desired in a photograph. The producers of art photographs often use the form of one subject and the head of another in order to obtain the most symmetrical results and thus form a sort of composite picture.

"By the use of nitric acid," he said, "any part of the silver print photograph, the one commonly used, can be erased. If the picture were a platinum print, which is unlikely, the same effect could be secured by the use of aquaregia or a liquid composed of a mixture of nitric and muriatic acids, which acts as a solvent for gold or platinum prints." It was shown that original signatures could be erased and others pasted or copied thereon and then a photograph taken which would seem that the result was a perfect photograph of an original paper.—Philadelphia Call.

Sunday In Chinatown.

The population of Chinatown on Sundays is about 4,000 or 5,000, on weekdays very much less. The difference may be accounted for by the fact that on Sunday the Chinese from all parts of New York and Brooklyn, and from Long Island, New Jersey and Connecticut towns, flock to Chinatown to visit their friends and to do business. Since the American Sunday does not permit laundry work on that day, the laundrymen seize upon it as a general recreation day and go to Chinatown by hundreds. This, therefore, is the great business day of that region, and all the stores are open and every employee is constantly occupied.

Here the laundrymen buy all their dry groceries, their clothing and their laundry supplies. Here, also, are the great family headquarters whither comes the mail from China and where the Chinese meet to discuss the affairs of their people and incidentally the various phases of American anti-Chinese legislation.—"The Chinese of New York," by Helen F. Clark, in Century.

"Stripes" Has No Friends In the Jungle.

Birds and monkeys will often warn the jungler of the approach of a tiger; the latter especially take every opportunity to express by loud hootings the intensity of their feelings at the hated presence of either of the dread beings of their jungles. I have heard, too, that peculiar bark of the sambar stag sound again and again in the night air from out the dark jungles on the banks of the Nerbudda as he sends out a warning to his kind that murderous "stripes" is stalking near.—"Panther Shooting In Central India," by Captain C. J. Melliss, in Scribner's.

How It Got There.

A young man took his watch to a jeweler and asked the reason of it stopping. "Well," said the jeweler, "there is a bedbug in it." "Why, how could a bedbug get in a watch?" "Easily enough," said the jeweler, "it went in between the ticks."—Hennessy Press-Democrat.

Society Directory.

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State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

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County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

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Financial Secretary, James Regan.
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Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
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Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
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DIVISION 5.

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Vi[illegible] President, William Martin.
[illegible] Secretary, Miss Quack, 65 Nixon-st.
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Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
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Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
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Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
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Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
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Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
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Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
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Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
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[illegible]
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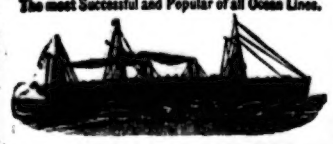

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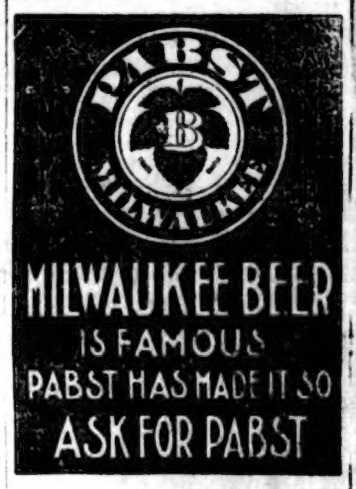

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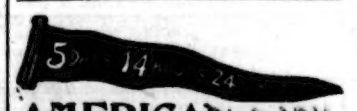

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HER CHRISTMAS.

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It was a glorious Christmas morning, and Miranda stood in the doorway and watched the sun climbing over the snow capped mountains.

She had risen early and hurried through all her duties. Long before her father was up—for he was wont to sleep later than usual on high days and holidays—she had prepared the turkey and pudding and set them aside, and had been to the dairy for the cream and butter for breakfast. Then she had dressed in her comeliest gown and come and stood in the doorway.

Miranda, though, was not pretty even at her best. She was tall, slightly built and of almost an angular form, with features characteristic of the part of the country in which she lived. Her home was in the extreme western part of Maryland, in the Alleghany valleys, or broad plateaus known as "The Glades."

Here she and her father had lived and farmed since she had been a child. She had never known any other section of the state, and the sparkling, tumbling streams which dashed past the house on their way to either the Potomac or the Mississippi seemed as though they were part and parcel of her.

At one time she had been considered the sprightliest girl in all "The Glades." And there had been women who had envied and hated her, and men who loved and courted her, but she had simply judged men and women alike, with a smile, a pleasant word, and passed them by. This indifference, which both charmed and exasperated at the same time, she had allowed to go on until Robert Dodd, a neighbor-

"YOU'RE EXPECTIN ROBERT TODAY, AIN'T YOU?"

ing farmer, who was socially under a cloud, on the charge of having committed some small misdemeanor, became a visitor at her house. Then one evening she had shown a preference for him over Jim Clayton, and Clayton, noticing it, had unhitched his horse from the fence before the evening was over and ridden away. The coincident had not escaped her that she had provoked one man's anger by adding to another man's bliss. Still, of such things a girl may not testify, and the next morning she felt a heavy shock when the cry of murder rang through the valley and the guilt was laid at Robert Dodd's door.

The victim was a stranger, who was supposed to have been passing over the mountains to the western states. Evidently an altercation of some sort had taken place, and the result had been fatal. Nothing further was definitely known, but it had been proved that Robert Dodd had been the only man who had passed down the valley that night, and as society had already rejected him his name was pretty roughly handled by the loosely defined circles, where the force of judgment makes up for the weakness of the law in dealing with crimes which are difficult of detection and uncertain of punishment. A word was pronounced against him as powerful as the levitical curse. He was indicted, tried and condemned, but afterward, through the intercession of the governor, was commuted to a life sentence in prison.

He had not complained nor asked a hearing in his own defense, for he well knew no benefit could be derived thereby, but from the first Miranda had disputed the accusation and had fought his cause with a stubborn persistence. Many a grievous hour and anxious night had she spent without fruition to her hopes. Still, she had continued to work and strive and plot until finally after ten weary years success had crowned her efforts. Time had lessened the vindictiveness of evil tongues, and the people, fearing they had overstepped the limits of justice, wished to ease their consciences; so had signed a petition for Robert's pardon.

As she toyed with the thought that he would be home that morning Christmas seemed to have a new significance from what it had had in the past. The tall peaks and cliffs around, which had been snow covered during the night, stood in broken outlines against the grayish haze, while a star, as though it were the star of Bethlehem, seemed to float far away and dissolve into a ruddy glow which slowly formed the sphere of rising sun. Then the icicles hanging from trees and bushes glistened, like thousands of jewels studding the scene, like some great crown offered for the salvation of mankind. Christmas! She could almost see the Christ Child lying in his manger, where he was found that morning centuries ago. It had never been so clear to her before or the beneficence of the season so full of beauty.

What a day of all days for Robert's return!

Seeing some one in the distance, she waited with an eagerness akin to restlessness. Then as he came nearer she recognized Jim Clayton.

"Good mornin. A merry Christmas," he said.

He was a lean, lank individual, and nature seemed to begrudge him the few pounds of flesh he had, for they hung on him in wrinkles, as though they had shriveled before they had grown. He came and leaned against the doorpost, whittling a stick.

"You're expectin Robert today, ain't you?"

Miranda glanced at him with something of scorn in her expression.

"Yes, I'm expectin Robert," she answered. "And you know very well, Jim Clayton, if it had not been for you he would never have been condemned for something he didn't do."

Clayton laughed. His small eyes rested on her hungrily.

"Well," he said presently, "it's taught him a lesson anyway, and it's taught you one too. You won't be so triflin with men's affections hereafter as you've been with mine."

"I never trifled with yours."

"You didn't, eh? Then, when are you goin to marry me?"

She did not answer, and he continued:

"Remember, Miss Miranda, beaus ain't as plentiful with you now as they used to be. You'll have to take what you can get."

"I won't take you anyway. I'd rather live and die single. So there!"

As he looked up at her, standing on the step above him, he devoured her words, and they fed his purpose as grist feeds a mill. Then, closing his knife with a click, he put it in his pocket and started to go. After he had got a few feet away he called back over his shoulder:

"Goodby. I just dropped round to see how things were goin. I'm sorry you're expectin Robert. You might be disappointed."

Miranda smiled as she turned back into the house for breakfast. Her father had come down stairs, so they sat down together. She talked freely, for she was thinking much and rapidly. Robert would be there soon now, she knew, and she wanted to have things bright and cheery when he came—something to remind him that it was Christmas.

But as noon came and he had not arrived her spirits began to flag. She served the turkey and pudding for dinner without eating herself.

"Where's your appetite?" asked her father.

"I feel as if I'd just had breakfast."

"Land sakes, it's been eight hours or more! You must be a little worried over Robert." He was an easy going man, and trouble set lightly on his shoulders.

"I am, father. I wonder why he doesn't come?"

"Oh, he'll be here presently. There's another train in about 6 o'clock."

Still she felt restless and soon began to watch for the last train of the B. and O. railroad over the mountains. It passed, but Robert did not get off.

What had Jim Clayton meant?

Her father sat down before the big log fire and began to smoke.

"Robert's late," he ventured.

But Miranda said nothing. All the thoughts that she had had during the day had left her.

She went to the door and looked out. The sky was a leaden gray, and the moon came over the peaks and cliffs.

She stepped out and went quickly down the valley. A wind had risen, and as she had on neither hat nor coat her thin figure swayed against the keen whips of cold. Everything along the bluffs looked gigantic in the gloom, which seemed to widen and lengthen as she went on. The rows of summer cottages at Oakland and Deer Park—fashionable mountain resorts—were all shut and deserted, and the great snow bound hills on each side offered nothing but blank silence.

"Robert!" she called. "Robert!"

A little farther on she saw something lying still and black against the snow. Her pulse quickened. Was it Robert? Approaching, she found it was Jim Clayton.

"What's the matter, Jim?" she asked, bending over him.

His pale face gazed up at her through the moonlight.

"I've been waitin and watchin all day up yonder on the mountains," he said in a weak voice. "But I couldn't see well at night, so I slipped and fell. Is—is Robert come yet?"

"No. Have you seen him?"

Miranda waited breathlessly. It seemed to her a long time before Jim spoke. Then he said in low, wavering tones:

"I reckon I'm about done for, so I might as well make a clean breast of it. I was waitin for Robert. I never meant to let him go home."

"What do you mean?" she asked, bending closer to catch his words. She could not realize the situation and stood as if rooted to the spot.

"I've always had a bad temper, and I meant to kill Robert, just as I killed that man ten years ago and then threw the blame on Robert. He wouldn't let me pass, and—and so I did it. My mind hasn't ever been easy since. But, now that I'm about to go, I'll try and even up things. Robert's been pardoned, and—and you'll forgive me, won't you?"

He reached out and laid his hand over hers in a tremulous way.

"Goodby," he faltered. "I hope—I hope you'll forgive me."

Then he died, lying there on the snow. Miranda unloosed her hand and hurried back toward home again.

It did not take her many minutes to reach there, and as she burst in at the door Robert, who had come up the other side of the valley, came forward to meet her.

"Miranda!" he said, reaching out both arms.

She put up hers and clasped them around his neck. She did not speak, for events had crowded down upon her so suddenly that she could not give vent to words. But after awhile she drew away and looked at him.

He had changed certainly. His shoulders were stooped, his hair was sprinkled

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" SHE ASKED.

with gray, and about his eyes and mouth were furrows, prophetic of a hard life and intense feeling rather than of age.

Could she forgive Jim Clayton?

As she told the story of how she had found him down in "The Glades" and of all that he had said, both Robert and her father listened attentively.

"We must go to him," said her father.

"Yes," added Robert, "and the little that we can do for him must be done now—at once."

There was no malice or unkind feeling of any sort in his voice, and she wondered how he who had been wronged so deeply could forgive so easily. He seemed to know how to sympathize in a way that but few of us do, and which, when we lack, is only taught us by the trials and ordeals through which we ourselves pass. It was something that she had never before seen in anybody, and it brought back to her with full meaning the thoughts that she had had that morning of Christmas.

As they went out she knelt and prayed to the great and glorious Saviour that she might be worthy to be Robert Dodd's wife. Then she prayed for the soul of the man who had caused her all her sorrow.

FRANCES S. VEIRS.

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

HOW IT WAS OBSERVED BY COLORED TROOPS.

The Ole Bull of the Accordion—A Sable Nightingale—Christmas Gifts—A Happy Lot of Children of a Larger Growth.

I enlisted after graduation at Yale in the Twentieth Connecticut regiment and was commissioned first lieutenant of Company F. Our service during 1862 and 1863 was with the Army of the Potomac until after the battle of Gettysburg, in which we participated, when the Twelfth corps, under the command of General Hooker, "Fighting Joe," was sent west to form a part of General Sherman's army. About this time the government was recruiting regiments of colored troops, a measure I approved,

THEY WHILED AWAY THE TIME IN SINGING AND DANCING.

because I thought the negroes should fight for their own freedom and the elevation of their own race, and because, in other words, as was said at the time, a negro would stop a bullet as effectively as a white man. I believed, too, that properly officered and led the negroes would fight well, a belief that was confirmed by experience.

I saw four Christmases while in the army, for I was not mustered out until 1866—two with my old regiment, the Twentieth Connecticut, and one, that of 1865, while on detached service as the judge advocate of a general court martial. The Christmas which especially impressed itself upon me, however, was that of 1864, which I spent with my new regiment, the Forty-fourth, U. S. C. T. This regiment was recruited from among the plantation negroes recently slaves of northern Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, with a small sprinkling from Mississippi. Dec. 25, 1864, was my first Christmas as a field officer, and with the colored troops—and with all of them—it was their first Christmas as soldiers and with many of them their first holiday as free men.

When Hood made his backward swing from Atlanta toward Nashville, while Sherman swung off on his famous march to the sea, the Forty-fourth was among the regiments left behind under Thomas to prevent the imperious Hood from reaching the Ohio. We were not with Schofield at Franklin, one of the fiercest engagements of the war. We did succeed in getting into Nashville in time to take part in the utter rout and dispersion of Hood's army on Dec. 15 and 16, though in getting there our train ran into a cul-de-sac lined with Confederate batteries, and we were only saved from annihilation by the celerity with which we got off the train and got behind cover. That night, guided by some of our Tennessee negroes who knew the bypaths, we eluded the Confederate pickets and got into the Union lines.

After the fight we were sent to Chattanooga and went into winter quarters. Our men lived in huts, rude, but comfortable. In fact, most of them were better housed, better clothed and better fed than they had ever been, and, while subject to the restraint of military discipline, enjoyed more real freedom than they had ever before known. As Christmas drew nigh the colored troops showed anxiety to celebrate it appropriately. On all well conducted plantations in the south before the war the holiday season was always a time for enjoyment and feasting with the blacks as well as the whites. The bonds of slavery were temporarily relaxed, and all went in for a good time. The white troops were receiving from their friends at home reminders that they were not forgotten in the shape of packages by mail and boxes by train laden with food, drink and clothing of a kind not provided by Uncle Sam's commissary or quartermaster. But our colored soldiers had no friends at home to send them these tokens of love and remembrance. Their friends, when not still in bondage, were poor, and homes were yet a thing of the future. But the men had their pay, and sutlers were as numerous as their prices were high. The officers of the regiment, both field and line, helped out the festivities of the black men in blue both by contributions and by teaching them how and what to buy. The result was that so far as creature comforts were concerned the men of the Forty-fourth, colored, fared remarkably well on their first Christmas of freedom and as soldiers.

The negro, like the Chinese and Japanese, is imitative; but, unlike them, he is musical. As a race the negro possesses a positive genius for music both vocal and instrumental. The men of the Forty-fourth Colored were not at all behind in this regard. We had a number of string bands among the men. In fact, every company had one or more. They had some very good performers among them, some of those on the fiddle and banjo being remarkably good. They played, of course, by ear, knowing nothing of written music. There was one negro who played the accordion with marvelous skill. He was from Mississippi and had acquired this accomplishment at New Orleans, where his old master spent his winters, this man having accompanied the planter as his body servant. The man had brought with him the instrument his master had bought him. Under his manipulation the peculiar whining tone of the accordion as ordinarily played was lost.

Then, there were any number of good singers. One big fellow, the blackest man, I think, I ever saw, had a tenor voice that would have made the fame and fortune of a white man. It was clear and powerful and as sweet as a chime of silver bells. In ordinary conversation he spoke in dialect, yet in singing his pronunciation was correct, while his enunciation was perfectly distinct. He sang all the old favorite ballads of antebellum days and the war songs of the time. His favorite song, though, was one of his own composition. It was all about mocking birds and nightingales, orange groves and cotton fields, running brooks and waveless bayous, trackless forests and hunted animals. The language was crude, yet endowed with the spirit of poetry, and when he sang it in that rich voice to a strange air full of pathos and sentiment it always seemed to me somehow that the black singer was inspired by a dim recollection of his ancestral home in some vast African forest and on the bank of some great stream.

This man was the leader of a band of choral singers formed by one of our lieutenants, who had a musical turn, to sing Christmas and war songs. And how they did sing them! Christmas eve was passed in this way. Sweet and touching were the Christmas carols they sang, but they were at their best when they gave musical voice to the fact that "John Brown's soul goes marching on." This they sang as though inspired, and when a thousand voices joined in the chorus, filling the frosty air with a great sound of chanting, the effect was one I'll never forget. This singing and the music were the most characteristic features of our Christmas festivities, the one in which we all participated as performer or listener, and the one which afforded the most universal pleasure and delight. Thus all of Christmas eve was passed. Christmas morning my striker, a boy about 18 or 19, black, careless, shrewd, impudent and faithful, woke me up by crying:

"Crismus gif', majah; Crismus gif', sah. I'ze de fus'. Wot ye gwine to gib me—a drink?"

He dodged a boot and got his drink. Thus my first Christmas with the colored troops began. We of course had our indispensable military duties to perform, and we formed the regiment in hollow square on the parade ground to listen to divine service. Then the day was given up to jollity and merriment. Of course the chief interest of the day, especially with the colored men, centered in the dinner table. It is sufficient to say that they got the best dinner they had ever had. After that they whiled away the time in singing and dancing, swapping stories of their old life in slavery, now ended for them and soon to be for all wherever the stars and stripes floated; ran races and engaged in such games as their plantation life had made them familiar with and generally were boisterously merry, filling the air with their shouts of glee and unctuous negro laughter. They were a tired and happy lot of big, black, overgrown children when taps, "lights out," sounded that night and ended a day that to many of them no doubt seemed to set for the first time the seal of reality on that wonderful possession, personal ownership.

THOS. B. KIRBY.

CHRISTMASANA.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE'S PHILOSOPHIC REFLECTIONS.

A Day That Is Not Only Revered by All Creedsmen, but by Rationalists and Even by Infidels—Originally a Pagan Festival, Now a Universal Holiday.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.]

Although Christmas is now universally regarded as the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ, although during the fourth century a rigorous examination was made by the theologians of the east and west as to the exact time of his nativity and Dec. 25 finally agreed upon, it seems almost certain that that is not the day. As that is the acme of the rainy season in Judæa, it is not in the least likely that shepherds would then be watching their flocks on the plains at night, when, as is recorded, they saw the star of Bethlehem rise in the east to guide them to the sacred manger. Some of the earlier churches celebrated the divine event in January, some in May, others in June, and any one of those periods would have been more probable than is December.

The time of fixing the religious festival was not chosen, however, without ample cause. Like most of the Christian holidays, it is primarily due to pagan precedent. Nearly all the pagan peoples considered the winter solstice, Dec. 21, as a momentous point of the year. Then nature began the renewal of her active powers, and the gods, who were originally but the celestial personifications of those, were supposed to revive their care of and interest in man. Consequently those peoples marked the period with festivities and celebrations of many sorts. And when Christianity arose the old heathen spirit was transferred to evangelical agencies and reproduced in evangelical rites.

The ancient Germans held their great Yule feast at the winter solstice (Yule is still a synonym of Christmas) to solemnize the return of the fiery sun wheel—the sun is styled in the Edda the shining wheel—as a part of their nature worship. This worship survived in Europe until 50 or 60 years ago. The inhabitants of some of the villages on the Moselle were long in the habit on St. John's eve of carrying a big wheel wrapped in straw to the top of a hill, firing the straw and rolling it down. If it reached the river still ablaze, they regarded it as a good omen, evidence of a fine vintage. The greenery with which we still ornament our homes and churches at this season and the gifts we hang on Christmas trees are probably relics of the symbols with which our rude ancestors expressed their faith in the power of the returning sun to clothe the earth with greenness and to produce new crops of fruit. And the frumenty (made of hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned), still eaten in parts of Great Britain, and in some of our southern states, at Christmas time, would seem to be a tradition of the offerings paid to Hulda or Bertha, the embodiment of fertility in the Teutonic mythology, to whom the Germans looked for fresh supplies of grain.

Many of the beliefs and usages of the ancient Germans as well as of the ancient Romans concerning the Christmas period, between Dec. 25 and Jan. 6, in which those peoples thought they could trace the interference of their deities in behalf of mortals, survive to a great degree, with new interpretations, to the present time, and exercise no little influence. We think paganism was extinct ages since, and so it was in form; but its animus continually crops out in our creeds, our opinions, our modes of thought, in all our conduct. We are as men much the same now that we were in Egypt, Judæa, Greece and Rome. The kernel of human nature is ever the same.

Inasmuch as Christmas, whether the date be correct or incorrect, stands for the birth of Jesus, everybody must revere the day, because everybody reveres him. A great many men who do not at all believe in his divinity believe in his transcendent goodness, his love of humanity, his spirit of self sacrifice. They do not think that his being the Son of God would add to his merit, but would rather detract from it, because his Godship would remove him from the plane of humanity and from human sympathies. They prefer to regard him as only a man, but the very best, the noblest, the grandest of his race. All creeds, all schools, all philosophies honor him to the fullest. Even the Jews, who are charged with putting him to death and hating his memory, sincerely respect him, though they do not allow the supernatural claims made for him. It was only one of their sects, the Pharisees, who clamored for his execution. The body of the chosen people hold themselves guiltless of his blood. The educated Brahmanists, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Shintoists, Parsees, place Jesus in the front rank of mortals. The savagest iconoclast, the rankest infidel, always speaks of him with admiration. Of God there is no end of opinions; of Jesus, morally, humanly, there is but one

Christmas is scarcely thought of now by the multitude as other than a day of recreation and pleasure. From the earliest times it was devoted to merrymaking, with which its religious observation was never allowed to interfere. It is the first and most joyous of all holidays, especially to children, whose festival it is often called. Hardly an American any more than a German child but has delightful associations with Dec. 25, the very poorest in this country receiving presents from their parents and every opportunity and encouragement for joyousness. Unfortunate indeed is the child who has not remembrances of a happy Christmas. We all feel that childhood can never return, and that it is our duty to contribute whatever we can to make it bright and pleasant

Christmas is really blessed in what it means and brings, whatever their circumstances, to the world of children.

Dec. 25 naturally suggests, being accepted as the anniversary of the birth of Jesus, the idea of resurrection, about which the theologic no less than the non-theologic differ so widely. There is probably no other subject about which thoughtful, cultured people more radically disagree. The vulgar notion that they who reject the orthodox doctrine are materialists, atheists, persons destitute of all faith, is an egregious error. Atheist is literally far more a word than a thing. What it is supposed to represent can scarcely be found in the flesh, freely as the term is used by the orthodox toward those holding adverse views. Rationalists refuse to accept authority or dogma and wholly renounce supernaturalism. They have, however, discrepant views of the same topics often, but always eschew what they call superstition. Death they consider natural as life, as not substantially varying therefrom, as bringing neither reward nor punishment specifically, but merely a fulfillment of the cosmic relations.

Some rationalists hold that all life ends with death; others that it continues indefinitely, though without consciousness, so that it is equivalent to extinction. The larger part of the world believes that man dies numberless times, each time being newly incarnated, so that life is but a series of births and deaths through ages. Plato definitively believed and taught this, and many philosophers before and since, maintaining that with each rebirth the soul, which is indestructible, advances and ameliorates.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

A Long Trip.

From the far northwest of this country to Norway, Sweden and Denmark seems a great way to go to spend the Christmas holidays, and yet thousands of Scandinavians do it every year. They go to New York city in trainloads during the latter part of November and the first part of December, the jolliest, happiest, most contented emigrants that leave this country.

The trip across the continent is shortened by good nature and a recounting of experiences, for they are a simple folk and readily make friends and exchange confidences. They are a home loving people, and after being here for a few years and accumulating a little money they almost invariably return to Scandinavia to visit and to tell of their successes here.

Those who have gone home to visit this fall are generally men in the prime of life who have established interests here, and who will return in the spring, after two or three months of enjoyment and wonder telling among their relatives and friends. All these emigrants carry much ready money, with which they are liberal to a fault. That which they have is entirely due to their own energy. They are producers of the most valuable kind. They come here with the idea of becoming citizens and landowners, and although they retain their affection for the old home and the old life they never forget or belittle the advantages that they have received here or the allegiance that they have promised to their adopted country. A large percentage of those who are now visiting at their birthplaces will bring wives back with them.

Changing Fortunes.

At Christmas time last year
So many friends that now are gone were here.
So many hopes were glowing then unspoken;
So many faiths were strong that now lie broken
And loving hearts that trusted without fear
At Christmas time last year.

At Christmas time this year
So many of us find the world a drear
And barren desert wherein blooms no rose,
With mountain peaks surrounding it whose snows
Have chilled our hearts and turned life's foliage sear—
At Christmas time this year.

At Christmas time next year,
Who knows what changing fortunes may be near?
Take courage, then our night shall turn to day.
From bright'ning skies the clouds must roll away,
And faith and love and hope shall all be here
At Christmas time next year.

—Kate Sherlock.

Can't Go Home For Christmas.

No drearier mortal can be imagined than the man who cannot go home from college for Christmas. He hangs around the deserted buildings with a most forlorn air, or hovers over his study fire, if he has a study fire, in a vain attempt to get warmth. Or perhaps he takes a different tack and thinks to find Christmas cheer in a lark all by himself. Alas! the spirit of Christmas is essentially communistic; to be thoroughly enjoyed, it must be shared. No theater can appease the loneliness of the solitary one, and the only solace he finds is in sleep, where he can forget that he is a man who cannot go home for Christmas.

Christmas Goose.

In England goose is more often the Christmas bird than turkey. To those who think of substituting a goose for a turkey the caution is given that the former, though it may present an ample and tempting appearance as it is brought to the table, crisp and aromatic, will serve by no means generously, as only the breast is available. Under the modern treatment of removing the tough leg tendons, thus gaining all the drumstick meat, there is no edible bird to compare in economy with the turkey.

A Simple Good Will.

There is a married couple in Washington with their own peculiar method of celebrating such occasions. As the New Year dawns the wife will show you a $10 goldpiece and announce, "This was Charlie's Christmas present to me." The husband will show you a $10 goldpiece and say, "This was Annie's Christmas present to me." They always give that, and always have given it. They lay the coins away and merely exchange them year after year.

Saved.

Wilkins—Miss Oldfryte sat directly beneath the mistletoe on the chandelier, but Providence saved me.

Bilkins—Providence?

Wilkins—Yes, Providence dropped the chandelier.

At Christmas.

Without, the frost winged breezes blow
Across the wold, above, below.
And the rose in every cheek is stirred
With the downy kiss of each snowflake bird.

Within, the cheerful Yule log fire
Brims with music's high desire,
Sheds light and cheer below, above,
Bespeaking the warmth of homely love.

—Baltimore Telegram.